AMERICAN GIGOLO

by

Paul Schrader

Director: Paul Schrader

Producer: Jerry Bruckheimer

Executive Producer: Freddie Fields

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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"The idea of a duty to be performed,
and the fear of making himself ridiculous
if he failed to perform it, immediately
removed all pleasure from his heart."

-- of Julien Sorel in
The Red and the Black

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JULIAN KAY, 26, boyish, sensual, professional. His features are lean, hard. Razor-like.

At first his movements seem disjointed: the legs too loose, the hips too high, the chin slightly turned. Then you see the pattern. Every gesture is calculated to attract attention.

Scratching his ear, massaging his wrists, smoothing the flat of his palm across his buttocks.

His eyes flit out at you, you turn your head, he smiles. You try to turn away, but cannot. He smiles again.

Julian is on the prowl. He is looking: for a trick, a companion, someone to please.

Yet all the while he is heading toward love.

AMERICAN GIGOLO

FADE IN:

PRE-CREDITS

1 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT *

We only SEE his face, speaking through the shadows.

He brushes his index finger lightly across his lips as he speaks. He knows:

his lips are his most sexual organ.

JULIAN
You know who I am. I know who you are. We have no secrets. I know what you're thinking. You know what I'm thinking. We have our own methods of communication. You don't have to say anything. I can read your thoughts. I know what you need. You're afraid. You're afraid of your husband. You're afraid of yourself. You're afraid of your own sexuality. You're afraid to ask for what you need. You're afraid of being hurt.

Julian sits in a dimly lit booth with a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. His eyes are only on her. His creme broule is untouched.

The Woman nervously sips her coffee as he spins his web:

JULIAN
There's no reason to be afraid. I don't know why you're afraid. I don't even know why we're sitting here. Why we're wasting time eating things we don't want to eat, doing things we don't want to do, talking in front of people who don't matter. It's so simple. You know who I am. You want to be here. You want to be with me. You know what I can do. I can make you relax, relax like you've never relaxed before. Make you aroused like you've never been aroused before. Excited. I know how to touch you. Where to touch you. How to kiss you. Where to kiss you...

CUT TO:

END PRE-CREDITS

CREDITS

2 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Julian pulls his "Mercedes Black" 450SL to the curb, gets out and opens the door for the Middle-Aged Woman. *

They walk into Juschi's. *

CUT TO:

3 INT. JUSCHI'S - DAY *

-- A gracious SALESMAN slips Julian into a cashmere sports jacket. He has already set aside two dark three-piece suits.

-- Julian examines the fit of his tan gabardine slacks in the three-way mirror.

-- Julian watches as the Woman signs a charge slip. The Salesman sets Julian's clothes aside.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Julian's black convertible snakes up the Malibu coast. The morning sun glistens across the Pacific. *

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MALIBU HOME - DAY

The Middle-Aged Woman kisses Julian and closes the door behind him.

He gets into his car and drives off.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY *

He slips a cassette of Johnny Hallyday's "Super Hits" into the stereo and turns up the volume:

"Celui quit'a fait pleurer"

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian pulls into another Malibu driveway, gets out and enters a beach house.

CUT TO:

END CREDITS

8 INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian walks through the comfortable beach house. Expensive antiques and prints offset white rattan beach furniture.

Two topless women are sunning themselves on the deck. * Julian walks out and joins them.

JULIAN
Hello, girls.

ANNE, an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, welcomes him enthusiastically:

ANNE
Julian! You came all the way out here. It's been weeks.

JULIAN
(shrugs and smiles)
I had to drop somebody off up the beach so I thought I'd drop by. Hello, girls. *

Anne's companions, BETH and JUDY, both about 20, girls of extraordinary and vacuous beauty, greet him more coolly:

BETH
(sarcastic)
You mean you didn't fly down to Rio for the weekend?

Anne dismisses them with a wave of her hand:

ANNE
Don't mind those cunts. They're just jealous.

Anne leads Julian into the house. She doesn't bother to put a top on.

ANNE
I've been trying to reach you all day.

JULIAN
I got the message. A trick?

Julian helps himself to a can of diet soda.

ANNE
Tonight. A woman from Charlottesville.
(MORE)

8 CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)
She's flying in to close a negotiation on her husband's estate.

JULIAN
(drinking soda)
First time?

ANNE
Yeah. She's meeting with Smith, Silberman and Hancock in the morning. They want a chauffeur.

JULIAN
That's cool. A thousand?

Anne nods.

JULIAN
Six hundred for me.

ANNE
Awh, Julie, don't start this up again.

JULIAN
You like fifty-fifty? Why don't you get Mike or one of those high-school dropouts you like so much.

ANNE
There's no percentage in it if I don't get fifty-fifty. You already cut me out of the repeaters.

JULIAN
That's only fair.

ANNE
It ain't fair, but I ain't got any choice

JULIAN
Of course you do. You can keep dealing those uneducated fags...

ANNE
(interrupting)
Look who's talking.

JULIAN
(ignoring her)
... who don't know class from ass. All right, fifty-fifty.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE
Who did you drop off up the beach?

JULIAN
(teasing)
Wouldn't you like to know?

ANNE
Awh, Julie, why do you do this to me?

JULIAN
You know somebody else that can get into the L.A. Country Club? --and that's not the Hillcrest. I gotta run now. Leave the info on my service.

Julian turns to leave.

ANNE
You don't want to take some sun?

JULIAN
(gestures)
Not with those bitches. They'll eat a man up.

Beth cocks her head and calls back:

BETH
That's more than you'd ever do.

JULIAN
(to Anne)
No class. Catch you later, Anne.

Anne calls to him as he leaves:

ANNE
How's the Swedish coming?

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED

10 EXT. LIMO - EVENING

Julian straightens his jacket and slides the glass partition open. MRS. DORBRUN, a well-dressed woman about 50, looks with wonderment at the L.A. night landscape.

Julian turns and looks at Mrs. Dobrun:

JULIAN
May I take off my cap, ma'am?

10 CONTINUED:

MRS. DOBRUN
(smiles)
Of course.

JULIAN
Thank you.

Julian places his cap on the seat. He runs his hand through his hair as he glances at Mrs. Dobrun in the mirror. She is watching him.

The black limousine speeds up the San Diego freeway.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - EVENING

Julian pulls the limo into the hotel drive. While the doorman opens the door for Mrs. Dobrun, Julian runs around the car and takes out her luggage.

Before the porter can protest, Julian slips a folded bill into his palm. Julian carries Mrs. Dorbrun's luggage into the hotel.

CUT TO:

12 INT. MRS. DOBRUN'S SUITE - EVENING *

A bucket of iced champagne and a basket of fruit wait on the table. Julian's manner is overly polite, almost apologetic:

JULIAN
I think I know this hotel even better than my own apartment. It's where the important people stay. I used to be a pool boy here.

Mrs. Dobrun opens a suitcase.

JULIAN
You want me to help you with anything? Here, I'll open the champagne.

MRS. DOBRUN
Look, ah, you don't.

JULIAN
(opening champagne)
My name's Julian.

MRS. DOBRUN
You don't have to open the champagne. I'll give you a tip. Don't worry.

CONTINUED:

JULIAN
(abject)
Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry, Mrs. Dobrun. That's not what I meant at all. I'm just trying to do my job right. Sometimes people complain.

MRS. DOBRUN
I'm sorry.

JULIAN
Is this your first trip to L.A.?

MRS. DOBRUN
Maybe you can help me.

JULIAN
Yes?

MRS. DOBRUN
I haven't been here in several years... and I was wondering if there were any new really good restaurants, you know, where the, ah, famous people go.

JULIAN
It's safer to recommend the established restaurants; Ma Maison, Scandia, La Scala. But of the newer ones, I hear Le Dome is quite popular.

Julian still holds the open champagne bottle.

MRS. DOBRUN
You're making me thirsty just standing there. Pour me a drink and set the bottle down.

Julian pours her a glass.

The more we see of Julian Kay, the less we understand him. * He can be many things to many people. He seeks out the pleasure they desire, then provides it. He can be sweet, consoling, cool, intellectual, kind, earnest, arrogant -- and all the while remain something beyond all his poses: a mysterious sexual force.

CUT TO:

13 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Julian is on the phone in the hotel lobby

13 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
(on phone)
Fuck, I don't know anything about that. But - I'm not sure - I don't think Mrs. Dobrun's hold on the tobacco people is that strong. In fact, I'm sure of it. She seemed worried about that. She may settle short.
(a beat)
I don't know. She's a nice woman. Look, I'm supposed to meet her here tomorrow at 12:30. Whatever she's doing in the morning, she's gonna be finished by noon.
(a beat)
Okay, Anne, love you too.
(a beat)
Don't worry. I'll be ready.

Julian steps out of the phone booth, removes his coat and cap and exchanges them for his regular sport jacket at the cloak room. He tips the girl and flirts with her. She knows him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE - NIGHT *

Straightening his jacket, Julian steps into the Cocktail Lounge. He slips a bill into the maitre d's palm and chats with him a moment before finding a seat. *

Julian orders a drink and checks out the lounge. He studies the room for potential customers: the pickings are slim. He sips his Manhattan.

Then he sees her: even with her back half-turned, her beauty is apparent. Blonde hair, about 30. She has been waiting. Drinking and waiting. For what? Something to change her life? Something. Julian senses this.

She speaks to the waiter in a foreign language He listens closely. It seems to be French.

Julian gets up and, drink in hand, walks over to her table. She turns as he approaches.

JULIAN
Excusez-moi, puis-je m'assoir un instant. J'ai surpris votre conversation... * *

MICHELLE
Mais bien sur.

14 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
(introducing himself)
Je m'appele Julian Kay.

MICHELLE
Excusez-moi. Michelle Jost.

JULIAN
Enchante.

MICHELLE
(notices his glass)
Est-ce-que je peux vous offrir quelque chose?

Julian sits.

JULIAN
Avec plaisir.

Michelle waves the waiter over.

MICHELLE
Mr. Kay would like another drink. Qu'est-ce que vous prenz?

Michelle's fluent English takes Julian aback.

JULIAN
Manhattan. Dry Manhattan on the rocks.

The waiter takes the order and leaves.

JULIAN
You speak English?

MICHELLE
You speak English?

JULIAN
You had me fooled.

MICHELLE
And you me.

JULIAN
How long have you been in Los Angeles?

MICHELLE
I live here.

JULIAN
You live here? I don't understand.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
You wouldn't. I am trying to refresh my college French. I usually practice with a friend, but she hasn't arrived yet.
(beat)
Where are you from?

JULIAN
I was born in Torino. But I studied at NATS.

MICHELLE
You don't have any accent at all.

JULIAN
I've been traveling too much.

MICHELLE
I envy you. I used to travel a lot, but now my husband is involved in local politics. He thinks it's chic to have a bilingual wife. So I practice French.

Julian is doubly taken aback. First, he thought Michelle could not speak English. Second, he thought she was unattached.

Julian gulps down his drink and places a five-dollar bill on the table.

JULIAN
I think he's right.

MICHELLE
Where are you going?

JULIAN
I made a mistake.

MICHELLE
My husband's in New York.

JULIAN
No, I made an even bigger mistake than that.

Michelle is confused. She assumed Julian would be more persistent.

MICHELLE
Huh?

JULIAN
You wouldn't understand.

14 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE
Why?

JULIAN
I've got to go.

MICHELLE
Where?

JULIAN
(shrugs)
I don't know. Home. Pips.

MICHELLE
I've got no place special to go.

JULIAN
What about your friend?

MICHELLE
I'm not waiting for anyone.

JULIAN
You still don't understand. *

MICHELLE
Understand what?

Julian feels awkward, embarrassed. He has made a mistake; but why doesn't he just get up and leave? Something about Michelle holds him.

JULIAN
Understand who I am.

MICHELLE
Who are you?

JULIAN
You don't even understand who you * are. Why you're here. Why you're * sitting in that chair.

MICHELLE
Why are <u>you</u> here?

Julian starts to rise:

JULIAN
I've got to go.

Michelle holds his hand.

MICHELLE
Wait. Just tell me one thing: why did you come on to me?

14 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN
Like I said, I made a mistake. I heard you speaking in French. Often in big hotels you meet women from foreign countries who need a translator or guide and will hire you.

MICHELLE
How many languages do you speak?

JULIAN
Five or six.

MICHELLE
Plus the international language.

JULIAN
That's right.

MICHELLE
(catching on)
Ah.
(sarcastic)
You're really something special, aren't you?

Julian answers her in kind:

JULIAN
You're one to talk. I saw you sitting here. You wanted me to come over. I know what I see.

MICHELLE
How much would you have charged me?

JULIAN
As a translator or a guide?

MICHELLE
No. Just a straight fuck.

JULIAN
Now you've made a mistake. I don't do that.

MICHELLE
Oh no? I know what I see, too.

Ever polite, Julian stands.

JULIAN
It's been a pleasure talking to you, Madame Jost. Don't spoil it. Bonne chance.

14 CONTINUED: (5)

Julian turns and walks off. He nods to the Maitre d' as he exits.

Michelle watches him as he goes. Michelle is befuddled, hurt. Yet also: intrigued, excited.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY *

A car waits in front of the Wilshire Boulevard hotel. Julian enters. *

CUT TO:

16 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julian's room, like his mind, is eclectic.

Stacks of half-read books and magazines are scattered across his large unmade bed. Cassettes and records are mixed with shoes and shirts. A cold cup of coffee sits on the Times crossword.

A Ruscha print hangs on one wall. On another is a chart illustrating styles of 19th century furniture.

Every object is an extension of his probing mind: always curious, always learning, always assimilating. Always improving his craft.

Julian, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, lies on his Universal bench press.

A Berlitz "Learn Swedish" tape is on his stereo. Julian repeats after the cassette:

CASSETTE
I am not interested in that.
(a beat)
Jag ar inte intresserad av det.

JULIAN
(lifting barbells)
I am not interested in that.
(a beat)
Jag ar inte intresserad av det.

CASSETTE
How much farther have we to go?
(a beat)
Hur manga rum, trapsteg ar det?

JULIAN
How much farther have we to go?
(a beat)
Hur manga rum, trapsteg ar det?

16 CONTINUED:

The PHONE RINGS. Julian waits. It RINGS AGAIN. He crawls onto the bed and picks up the receiver.

JULIAN
Yeah, put him through.
(a beat)
Hey, Leon. What's up?

A black man's VOICE comes across the phone:

LEON (V.O.)
Julian, baby, I hate to bug you like this, but you gotta help me out. I had this Palm Springs gig set up for tonight for Joey and the guy takes a powder, or at least he ain't nowhere around.

JULIAN
I can't do it. I get a haircut now...
(looks at fingernails)
... and I got a thing this afternoon.

LEON (V.O.)
Baby, baby, it's a two-hour gig...

JULIAN
Plus the drive.

LEON (V.O.)
Plus the drive. Five C's. Straight in-and-out job. Do a brother a favor.

JULIAN
Well, maybe -- if I get free. I'll give you fifty bucks.

LEON (V.O.)
Fuck that, Jack. You think I'm in the charity business?

JULIAN
Hey, hey, who's doin' who the favor here? Who just called up who beggin' for a sub?

LEON (V.O.)
Okay, baby, I'm sorry. I appreciate it.

JULIAN
Anything for a friend. Call back and give the service the info. I'm bad with details.

LEON (V.O.)
Thanks, bro.

16 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian gets another line and flashes the desk:

JULIAN
Jill, get me an appointment at Sassoon's in 45 minutes and tell the maid she can make the room up in an hour.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. INTERSTATE 10 - EVENING

Julian's black Mercedes heads west. *

CUT TO:

18 EXT. PALM SPRINGS - EVENING

Julian pulls into the drive of an expensive Palm Springs home.

19 INT. PALM SPRINGS HOME - NIGHT

Julian, straightening his tan polished cotton suit, argues with MR. RHYMAN, a fortyish businessman, in the living room of Rhyman's nouveau riche home. Rhyman wears gabardine slacks and Gucci loafers. * * *

JULIAN
(holding up hands)
Hey, baby, somebody's made a mistake. I don't do fags. I don't do couples.

Rhyman is nervous. He has had several drinks. *

RHYMAN *
No, no, you don't understand. It's just my wife. Judy. Not me. Just her.

JULIAN
(nods)
Okay.

RHYMAN *
But can I watch?

JULIAN
Of course.

Rhyman motions toward the bar: *

RHYMAN *
Would you like a drink?

19 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
No.

Julian starts to unbutton his shirt. Rhyman stops him. *

RHYMAN *
Not yet.

Julian slowly slips one button back into its hole, teasing Rhyman with his eyes. *

JULIAN
You'll have to pay me now.

RHYMAN *
(digging into pocket)
Sure, sure.

He slips Julian the folded bills.

RHYMAN *
I like to talk afterwards too.

Julian nods and heads toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

20 INT. RHYMAN BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Julian takes his jacket off and drapes it over the back of a chair. He looks across the brightly-lit room.

JUDY, Rhyman's wife, lies naked under a sheet. It's not clear whether she's afraid or aroused -- or both. *

Julian unbuttons his shirt as he sits next to Judy. A gold statuette stands on the night stand.

Rhyman stands against the wall across the room. *

Julian speaks softly to Judy, as if they are the only ones in the room. In his mind they are: he is not interested in Rhyman. *

JULIAN
(sing-song)
Hello, Judy. You're a very sexy lady. You're a very good-looking woman. You're going to like me. We're going to have a lot of fun.
(slips off shoes)
I can tell. I like you. Just lie back and relax. Close your eyes. Let your mind run free. You'll like this. *

20 CONTINUED:

Julian drops his trousers to the floor. Judy seems afraid.

JULIAN
Don't worry, baby. I know what you want. I know how to take care of you.
(touching her)
You have a very firm, beautiful body. Close your eyes, baby.

Julian pulls the sheet down her naked body. He shelters her eyes from the light and whispers in her ear:

JULIAN
Just ignore him. This has nothing to to with him. It's just you and me.

Rhyman calls from across the room: *

RHYMAN *
No, no. From behind. It has to be from behind.

Julian looks at Judy; she shows no reaction. He slips one hand under her body:

JULIAN
Com'on, baby, just flip on your stomach.

Julian turns her over. He kisses her cheek softly:

JULIAN
(whispers)
Don't worry. Leave everything to me. I'll get you wet. I can take care of you. I know how to do this...

RHYMAN *
(calling out)
Now slap her! Slap that cunt!

Judy braces for the blow. Julian studies her face a moment. She has been here before.

Julian looks at Rhyman in a cold, degrading manner; then turns at Judy and looks at her in an equally cold manner. He raises his hand.

RHYMAN *
Now hit her!

He slaps her. Rhyman winces. *

CUT TO:

21 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Julian, wearing a summer outfit, walks into Juschi's. *

CUT TO:

22 INT. JUSCHI'S - DAY *

Julian smiles and puts his hand on the Salesman's shoulder as they walk toward the cash register.

JULIAN
I decided to keep the sweater.

SALESMAN
I didn't think you would keep all that stuff. It wasn't your style.

The Salesman puts a beige cashmere sweater into a bag and hands it to Julian. He counts a stack of bills and puts them into an envelope:

SALESMAN
Eight hundred, eight-twenty, eight-thirty. Seventy percent on eleven hundred and eighty.

JULIAN
Fair enough. Thanks, Mario.

Julian slips the envelope into his vest pocket and starts for the door.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. DAISY - DAY

Julian walks up Rodeo to the Daisy and steps into the out- * door cafe.

He spots LEON, a stocky black pimp, and sits down with him. He places his books on the table top.

Leon has little of the gaudy flash associated with the term, "pimp." A casual passerby would instead take him for an ex-football player turned actor. He has traded in his Mack coat and hat for the Beverly Hills casual/ chic look. But traces of the pimp remain -- gold necklace and bracelets, a pair of red snakeskin boots.

Next to Julian, he is a shadow of style.

JULIAN
Hey, Leon.

LEON
Julie.

23 CONTINUED:

Julian removes his jacket and situates his chair to take maximum advantage of the sun.

Julian pulls out several folded bills, counts off fifty and gives them to Leon.

LEON
Thanks for helping me out. I finally found Joey holed up with one of his boy friends.

JULIAN
Don't mention it.

A pretty WAITRESS smiles at Julian:

WAITRESS
Hello, Julian.

JULIAN
Hi. Just Perrier, thank you.

She walks off.

LEON
You made quite a hit in Palm Springs. They want you to come back.

Julian, rubbing his eye, looks away. Two girls, dressed by Anne Klein, laugh at a nearby table.

LEON
I'm serious. They want you back this week. I told 'em I'd try.

Julian just shrugs. The Waitress brings his Perrier water and walks off.

LEON
I wouldn't take much 'cause these are regulars for me.

JULIAN
I don't know. Maybe.

LEON
Principles?

JULIAN
It's a long drive, Leon. Besides, I don't like to play the same numbers too often. People think they own you. Nobody owns me.

LEON
That include Anne?

23 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
Anne who?

LEON
I don't know why you fool with that bitch.

JULIAN
She's got a job coming up for eight grand in a week. Can you get me that?

LEON
Watch out for that cunt, though. She'll sell you out. She's not happy with you.

JULIAN
(ironic)
But you really care about me?

LEON
You walk a thin line, Julie. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. You're getting awfully cocky. All the other boys are happy to have a car, a house in the hills. But not you, Julie. You got all your rich cunts lined up. Once-a-month tricks. A little tennis, an orgasm, a dip in the pool. But I'll warn you as a friend: if those cunts ever turn on you, you're through.

JULIAN
You sure?

LEON
They'll cut you out.

JULIAN
(smiles)
There's always gonna be more women, Leon.

Leon nods and smiles: ain't that the truth.

CUT TO:

24 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His digital clock reads 12:05; Julian is dressing to go out.

Nude from the waist up, he stands in front of his mirror. He unfolds a freshly laundered shirt and holds it to the mirror.

24 CONTINUED:

He places an assortment of shirts, ties, sweaters, and belts on the bed, trying to decide which outfit will be right for tonight. This shirt with this belt?

This belt with that tie?

The Miracles' "The Love I Saw in You Was Just a Mirage" plays on the stereo. He starts to dress.

Playing two characters, he speaks to himself as he dresses. ONE CHARACTER, amiable and outgoing, asks the questions; ANOTHER, reserved and paranoid, answers them:

JULIAN
Ar detta Ert forsta besok?
(a beat)
Nej, vivar har i fjol ocksa.
(a beat)
Ar Ni har ensam?
(a beat)
Jag ar har med mid min fru nagra vanner.
(a beat)
Far jag bjunda...

The PHONE RINGS.

JULIAN
... pa en drink?

Julian picks up the receiver.

JULIAN
Yeah.
(a beat)
She says she's a friend?
(a beat)
Where does she know me from?
(pause)
Okay, let her come up.

He hangs up receiver. Julian checks his appearance in the mirror. The DOORBELL RINGS.

He answers the doorbell: Michelle stands in the doorway.

MICHELLE
I'm...

JULIAN
Bonsoir *

MICHELLE
... Michelle...

JULIAN
How did you find me?

24 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian's reaction is polite, cold.

MICHELLE
It wasn't hard.
(walks in)
Are you surprised?

JULIAN
(nothing surprises him)
What do you want?

Michelle looks around the apartment. She's putting up a tough front.

MICHELLE
I would have thought you'd live in a place with soft lights, thick carpet, big circular bed, mirrors on the wall -- you know, that sort of thing.

JULIAN
This is my apartment. Women don't come here.

MICHELLE
Oh.

There is an awkward pause. Michelle walks a few steps.

MICHELLE
Are you going out?

JULIAN
Yeah.

MICHELLE
Business?

JULIAN
Maybe.

MICHELLE
Isn't it a little late?

JULIAN
Isn't it a little late for you?

MICHELLE
My husband's still in New York. I'm alone.

Julian lets her words hang in the air. He continues to make it uncomfortable for you.

Michelle musters her courage.

24 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE
I thought it would be easier.

JULIAN
What?

MICHELLE
To "be" with you. To procure you.

JULIAN
I told you you were mistaken. I don't do that.

Michelle's composure starts to slip. Her hands are shaking.

MICHELLE
Why are you doing this to me?

JULIAN
Doing what?

Michelle's lips quiver. She thought she could bluff her way through this -- but now she is mortified, immobilized. She wishes she hadn't come.

MICHELLE
Embarrassing me.
(her voice trembles)
I can't keep up this front much longer. I found out who you were. I looked you up. I came here in the middle of the night. I'm all alone. I wanted to know what it would be like. I want to fuck you. I brought money. What more can I do? Why do you humiliate me so?

Julian closes the door, shuts off the lights and steps over to Michelle. He smiles at her tenderly.

And starts to unbutton her blouse.

CUT TO:

25 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Julian is on the phone; Michelle sleeps by his side. The telephone rests on a stack of books: Collectors' Guide to Antiques, Classic Furniture, Meubels francais du XIIIe siecle and a Sotheby Parke Bernet catalogue.

JULIAN
Oh, don't say that. You're getting me aroused just thinking about it.
(MORE)

25 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I'm lying here getting a hard-on and it's not even ten o'clock yet.
(a beat)
Oh, now you're just teasing me. Stop talking like that or I'll have to hang up and jerk off right now.
(a beat)
You like that, don't you?

Michelle wakes up listening to him.

JULIAN
(on phone)
Oh baby, how can you say that? We're lying here talking about getting aroused and having more pleasure than you've had in ten years and you have to bring up some goddamn eight hundred dollar stereo. How much is your husband worth? A couple million dollars? Of course I can do without it. I'll listen to the radio. I'll listen to your stereo.
(a beat)
Lisa, Lisa, just listen to yourself. How can you say that?

He notices Michelle.

JULIAN
(on phone)
Can you hold a second? There's somebody at the door.

Julian puts his client on hold and turns to Michelle. He speaks to her as if she's the only person he's been thinking about.

JULIAN
Good morning.
(polite kiss)
What would you like for breakfast?

Michelle is taken aback by his chameleon-like changes.

MICHELLE
Well, ah...

JULIAN
Coffee, orange juice, eggs, croissant?

MICHELLE
Sure. No eggs.

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian gets another line and dials room service:

JULIAN
This is Julian Kay. Two coffee, orange juice, croissant -- and one scrambled egg with a side of cottage cheese.

He reconnects himself with his client:

JULIAN
I'm sorry, Lisa, this is really embarrassing. There are some people here and I have to hang up.
(a beat)
I'll pick you up at six. See you then, love.

Julian shakes his head to himself and cradles the receiver. He turns back to Michelle:

JULIAN
So what do you think?

MICHELLE
About what?

JULIAN
Did you make the right decision to come last night? Was it what you expected?

MICHELLE
No, it was like sleeping with a real person. I'm not used to that.

JULIAN
Do you remember what you said last night?

MICHELLE
Yes.

CUT TO:

26 INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

They finish breakfast in the sitting room. He is wearing trousers and a silk navy bathrobe. She's fully dressed. A folded newspaper rests under his coffee cup.

He places his napkin on his plate and stands. It's Michelle's cue to leave. He kisses her forehead.

MICHELLE
What do you do today?

25 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I've got to go to the health club.

MICHELLE
And see your friend this evening?

Julian shrugs.

Michelle hesitates, then speaks:

MICHELLE
I want to apologize, Julian.

JULIAN
For what?

MICHELLE
I realize I was probably rude and insulting when I came here, and you were very kind to me. I had a good time.

JULIAN
So did I.

MICHELLE
So I guess I learned a lesson.

He realizes she is liking him too much, and becomes colder.

JULIAN
I was rude, too.

MICHELLE
Do you remember what <u>you</u> said last night?

JULIAN
(polite smile)
Yeah.

MICHELLE
(half-serious)
Do you say that to all the women?

JULIAN
(without emotion)
Yeah.

Michelle is again taken aback: she's confused by his interior and exterior selves. Is everything he does an act?

MICHELLE
But I was different, wasn't I?

26 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
What do you mean?

MICHELLE
You said women didn't come to your apartment, and then you asked me to stay overnight?

JULIAN
(nods)
That's true. You're different in another way, too.

MICHELLE
You mean I'm young.

JULIAN
(cold)
No. The price. It was awfully cheap.

Julian opens the door for her.

MICHELLE
Well, I thought maybe we'd do this again sometime.

JULIAN
(smiles)
No. I'm afraid not. It was very nice meeting you, Michelle. I hope things work out with your husband.

Michelle, hurt and confused, leaves.

Julian closes the door behind her and thinks a moment.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SOTHEBY PARK BERNET - EARLY EVENING

Julian escorts LISA WILLIAMS, an attractive woman about 40, into the Beverly Boulevard offices.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MAIN EXHIBITION HALL - EARLY EVENING

About a hundred persons mill about the large rectangular hall. The room is filled with antique furniture and artifacts. Framed paintings and frayed prayer rugs hang on the walls.

Each item for auction is listed by lot number. Potential buyers study the various lots, comparing them to the catalogue picture and description.

28 CONTINUED:

TRACKING across the cluttered hall, one is amazed by the diversity and beauty of the items up for auction: a marquetry-inlaid George III armoire, a rose Art Nouveau armchair, two matching Tiffany lamps, a portrait of the Van Dyck school, and on and on.

Voices drift in and out of the pre-auction crowd:

-- Three black-suited Japanese soberly debate a gilt-mounted Louis XIV commode.

-- A young girl in jeans and a sweater examines an elegant Sarouk carpet.

-- Two aging gents discuss a nude portrait: "It may be Clinton's face, but it certainly isn't Clinton's body."

-- Julian and Lisa examine a Jacobean chest of drawers. Julian pulls out a drawer and studies the dovetails while Lisa reads the catalogue:

LISA
... late 17th Century, unrestored.
(turning pages)
It's estimated at 2800 to 3000.

JULIAN
(holding drawer)
Somebody started to work on it. My guess is that it'll go for more than three grand. Thirty-five hundred at least. It's a great piece, but not a great buy. At twenty-eight hundred, it's a great buy. What do you think?

LISA
It looks just perfect for the guest room, but...

JULIAN
(looking around)
There's a George III chest around here somewhere that won't go for more than twelve hundred. No bargain, but a good investment at least. And the lines are beautiful...

Lisa spots someone across the hall:

LISA
Uh-oh.

28 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
... actually that hideous Louis Quatorze commode will probably be the best buy if the Japs don't bid up on it.

LISA
Do you see who I see?

Lisa looks across the room at MRS. SLOAN, a highborn and overdressed woman in her late seventies.

JULIAN
Who is it?

LISA
Randolph Sloan's widow. A stockholder in Jim's company.

JULIAN
Is she still alive?

LISA
She'll make a beeline straight here.

JULIAN
There goes the Louis Quatorze commode.

LISA
What'll I do?

Julian affects a German homosexual accent:

JULIAN
Come, Lisa, let's vace the enemy bevore it vaces us.

Adding a faint homosexual bounce to his buttocks, Julian escorts Lisa toward Mrs. Sloan.

Mrs. Sloan eyes them suspiciously.

LISA
Lucille, how nice to see you. Are you buying or selling?

MRS. SLOAN
Just looking.

She says as she turns her eyes on Julian.

Julian plays his beard role to the hilt: his English is barely comprehendible through a swishy kraut accent.

28 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN
Der es an exquisite Louis Quatorze commode auf der.

LISA
(introducing)
Lucille, this is Willem Shoenvelt. He's helping me redecorate the guest house.

JULIAN
(broken English)
Great hospitality, madam.

He extends hand. Julian's wrist collapses as Mrs. Sloan touches it.

JULIAN
I like eure dress very much greatly. I think it will be much in style next year.

LISA
(reproving)
Willem.

Julian "accidently" knocks over a Sheraton chair with his foot. Reaching down to pick it up, he bumps into Mrs. Sloan. She in turn bumps into a brass floor lamp.

JULIAN
Entschuldigen Sie bitte. Entschul...

Begging a hundred forgivenesses, Julian grabs the lamp before it falls and sets it upright. Bystanders turn and look. Lisa feigns shock and relief.

JULIAN
Ich bedaucre sehr. I do not know what...

Julian bumps a $10,000 Tiffany lamp with his elbow and sends it toward the floor. This time Lisa is genuinely aghast.

JULIAN
Verdammt!

Julian reaches down and, in a continuous motion, grabs the Tiffany lamp and replaces it on the table. He shamefacedly looks around to see if anyone has noticed: everyone has.

A Sotheby Parke Bernet representative walks quickly toward them. Mrs. Sloan is mortified.

28 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN
Entshuldigen Sie bitte. Auf Wiedersehen.

Mrs. Sloan and Lisa watch as Julian hurriedly leaves. Lisa turns to Mrs. Sloan and shrugs.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa and Julian double over the side of his Mercedes laughing.

JULIAN
My God! Did you see her?

Lisa is laughing so hard tears come down her cheeks. She puts her arm around Julian.

Perhaps this is the secret of Julian's success more than anything else: he makes women happy.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL POOL - DAY *

Julian, wearing cut-off jeans, sits by the small hotel pool, sunning and reading the L.A. Times. A can of diet soda rests beside his chair.

He folds the paper over and looks at the lower front page. A news story catches his interest.

The caption reads:

WIFE OF LOCAL FINANCIER
SLAIN IN PALM SPRINGS HOME

A one-column photo of Judy Rhyman is below the headline. * Julian reads on.

The story carries over to page three. There's a two-column photo of the Rhyman Palm Springs house. *

Michelle, wearing French jeans and a pullover, walks into the pool area and approaches Julian. He folds the paper and says:

JULIAN
I wish your husband would come back.

MICHELLE
He has.

JULIAN
Oh.

30 CONTINUED:

Michelle pulls up a lawn chair and sits alongside Julian.

MICHELLE
I can't stop thinking about you.

Julian looks at her a moment, then turns his eyes back to the still blue pool.

MICHELLE
Do you mind?

JULIAN
What have you been doing?

MICHELLE
When?

JULIAN
This morning.

MICHELLE
Driving around.
(a beat)
I drove to Anaheim, then to Long Beach. Then I came here.

JULIAN
(pause)
I'm not part of your problems, Michelle. I'm not the solution to your problems.

MICHELLE
I brought money.

JULIAN
I won't take it.

MICHELLE
A hundred dollars?

Julian, pained, looks away. Michelle says almost pleadingly:

MICHELLE
More? Five hundred?

He looks at her sympathetically.

JULIAN
No.

MICHELLE
I'll buy you the stereo.

JULIAN
I've got a stereo.

30 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
What then?

He stands.

JULIAN
Let's go.

MICHELLE
What?

Julian takes her hand.

JULIAN
I don't want your money. Let's go to my room.

CUT TO:

31 INT. JULIAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Julian and Michelle are in bed. He fingers a small gold cross hanging on a chain from her neck.

MICHELLE
(smiles)
Bulgari. You want it?

JULIAN
No.

MICHELLE
I want to know everything about you.

JULIAN
Why?

MICHELLE
I don't know. It seems important.

JULIAN
We just made love, didn't we?

MICHELLE
Yes.

JULIAN
Then you know all there is to know.

MICHELLE
Don't be childish. Where are you from?

JULIAN
No. I'm not "from" anywhere. I'm from this bed.
(MORE)

31 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Everything that's worth knowing about me you can learn from letting me make love to you.

MICHELLE
That's not true. Why do you fuck older women?

JULIAN
What's older?

MICHELLE
Forty. Fifty. Sixty.

JULIAN
They pay me.

MICHELLE
So would I. So would many of my friends. What's so great about older women?

JULIAN
I see "younger" women.

MICHELLE
So?

JULIAN
I prefer older women.

MICHELLE
Why?

JULIAN
What's the use of bringing some high-schooler to climax? Some teenager who gets wet in the movies and goes home to masturbate? That's no challenge. It has no meaning. The other day -- the day I met you in the hotel -- I was with a woman, somebody's mother, whose husband never cared for her, who hadn't had an orgasm in ten years -- if at all. She tried to lie, but I could tell. This woman hadn't been climaxed in a long time. It took me three hours to get her off. For a while I didn't think I'd be able to do it at all. My jaw was sore the whole next day. I almost wished I used vibrators...

MICHELLE
You don't?

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
Never. But, you see, when it was over, I had really done something. Something worthwhile. Something only I could have done. Who else would have cared enough to do it right? Young girls bore me.

CUT TO:

32 INT. L.A.P.D. - DAY

Glenn Rhyman, wearing a conservative suit, sits in the nondescript office of DETECTIVE JACK SUNDAY.

Sunday, a stocky man in a rumpled suit, sips a styrofoam cup of coffee. He's been doing this a long time.

He pulls a pair of handcuffs out of the desk, looks at them a second and places them on the desktop. Rhyman sinks his head into his hands:

RHYMAN
Oh, my God.

SUNDAY
These are not the handcuffs your wife was wearing when she was killed, Mr. Rhyman. We found them in the study. We also found some paddles, dildos, you know what I'm talking about.

Rhyman is expressionless. He knows all too well what Sunday is talking about.

SUNDAY
Look, I don't care about your private sex life. It's no concern of the L.A.P.D. However, the manner in which your wife was assaulted suggests that the killer was -- may have once been a "guest" at your home.

Rhyman, grief stricken, looks away and sighs.

SUNDAY
I'll try to keep what you say in confidence, but I will have to have detailed information about you and your wife's sex practices and what parties, if any, were involved.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY

An unmarked police car is parked in the drive

CUT TO:

34 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Julian is speaking with JILL, the young desk clerk, as Detective Sunday enters.

SUNDAY
(to Jill)
Does Mr. Julian Kay live here?

Jill looks at Julian.

SUNDAY
(shows shield)
I'm Detective Sunday from the Homicide Bureau. I'd like to ask some...

Julian furtively glances at Jill. He prefers to keep his private life private.

JULIAN
I was just walking into Westwood. Can we talk there?

Julian heads for the front door. Sunday joins him.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - DAY

They cross the street and walk toward Me' Me' Restaurant.

JULIAN
Do you know Sergeant Thomas, John Thomas? He's in Internal Affairs a...

SUNDAY
(cutting him off)
I'm investigating the Rhyman murder from the Los Angeles end. Do you know the case?

JULIAN
Was it in the paper?

SUNDAY
Yeah.

JULIAN
In what sense?

SUNDAY
Like

35 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I think I read about it.

SUNDAY
I'll bet you did.

CUT TO:

36 INT. ME' ME' - DAY *

Julian and Sunday face each other across a table looking out on Wilshire Boulevard. A waitress brings two coffees.

Julian shakes a packet of Sweet'n Low into his cup and stirs the coffee.

SUNDAY
What is it exactly that you do, Mr. Kay? *

JULIAN
Julian I'm a translator and guide. Sometimes a chauffeur.

SUNDAY
What were you doing last night?

JULIAN
I went with a friend to a pre-auction viewing at Sotheby Parke Bernet, then we spent the evening together.

SUNDAY
She'll verify that?

JULIAN
Of course, but I think she'd prefer to remain anonymous.

SUNDAY
Of course

JULIAN
Am I a suspect?

SUNDAY
No, but I think you'd better let us check out this alibi to be on the safe side. For your sake.

Julian doesn't answer.

SUNDAY
But, this work you were doing for the Germans -- was this as a translator or a chauffeur? *

3o CONTINUED:

Julian enjoys verbal fencing as much as Sunday. They're both good at it.

JULIAN
Neither. This was more of a personal matter.

SUNDAY
You were friends.

JULIAN
Not exactly.

SUNDAY
Well, what, exactly, did you do at the Rhymans? *

JULIAN
Nothing special. Just chit-chat. I have a hard time remembering, you know. I meet a lot of people.

SUNDAY
I understand your problem. Let's see: you talked a bit, had a few drinks, and the next thing you knew you were on your way back to Los Angeles.

JULIAN
More or less.

SUNDAY
(getting tough)
Julian, I'm gonna take you in. We've got our own memory refresher course. I think you'd like it. You seem like a young man who wants to improve himself.

Julian backs off.

JULIAN
Look, Detective, I want to cooperate with the police in any way I can. But you must understand there are delicate matters involved. Things which may not fall under the exact letter of the law. Publicity is the last thing I want.

SUNDAY
I won't book you, Julian. Though I could.

(MORE)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
I won't take away your chauffeur's license, though I could do that too. I could even bring you up on a drug charge. In your profession with your contacts, that shouldn't be hard. But I won't do that either.
(hard)
Just tell me about the Rhymans.

JULIAN
(thinks a moment)
Okay.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE - NIGHT

A political fund-raiser. Between seventy-five and a hundred contributors sit around tables, enjoying the standard regimen of lukewarm chicken, peas and political speeches.

A banner above the platform proclaims:

CALIFORNIA DEMOCRATS
WELCOME 22ND DISTRICT
SEN. CHARLES STRATTON

Julian, wearing a black gabardine suit with a grey wool vest and silk tie, sits next to MRS. LAUDNER, an over-dressed dowager who reeks of wealth and patronage.

Standing behind the "Beverly Wilshire" podium, a HOLLYWOOD ACTOR introduces "Charles Stratton."

Julian -- a textbook of good manners -- applauds politely.

Mrs. Laudner, visibly uncomfortable, is bored by the whole business. She nudges Julian.

MRS. LAUDNER
Do you follow California politics, Julian?

JULIAN
Not very much

MRS. LAUDNER
You're smart. They're all whores.

She pokes a lethargic fork at her uneaten food. Julian stops her.

JULIAN
Don't eat this stuff. We're going out later.

37 CONTINUED:

Julian motions for a waiter to pick up their plates.

CHARLES STRATTON steps up to the podium to a round of applause. Handsome, young and tanned, he is the quintessence of California success.

Mrs. Laudner whispers behind her palm to Julian:

MRS. LAUDNER
This guy's a real comer.

38 LATER

Julian and Mrs. Laudner stand in the reception line.

Stratton and his lovely wife greet his supporters and constituents.

Julian looks up and recognizes Stratton's "lovely wife": it is Michelle. A flicker of emotion crosses his face.

Julian and Mrs. Laudner step up to Stratton and Michelle.

Sen. Stratton recognizes Mrs. Laudner instantly:

STRATTON
Mrs. Laudner, how nice of you to come. It's always a pleasure to see you again.

MRS. LAUDNER
It's bullshit, but I like it. Can we talk later?

STRATTON
Of course. Mrs. Laudner, this is my wife, Michelle.

Michelle automatically stretches out her hand and greets Mrs. Laudner.

Julian watches Michelle play her role: she bears little resemblance to the girl who has been seeing him. She seems more like a manikin than a person, an attractive adjunct to a well-oiled political machine.

MRS. LAUDNER
And this is Julian Kay.

Michelle's lips tremble when she sees him. Her eyes betray her affection. She retains her composure.

Julian deferentially greets the Senator and his lovely wife

38 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
My honor, Senator. Mrs. Stratton.
(looks at Michelle)
You're a fortunate man, Senator.

After Julian and Mrs. Laudner move forward with the line, Stratton leans over and whispers to Michelle:

STRATTON
You know what he is?

She watches Julian and Mrs. Laudner walk away.

Crossing the room, Mrs. Laudner turns to Julian and remarks:

MRS. LAUDNER
That boy's gonna go far.
(a beat)
And he's got a nice wife too.

Julian takes Mrs. Laudner by the arm:

JULIAN
Tell me about them, Emily.

MRS. LAUDNER
I said he was a comer.

JULIAN
No, about them. As a couple.
What's their marriage like?

Julian speaks from genuine concern for Michelle. But Mrs. Laudner thinks he's trying to set up another mark:

MRS. LAUDNER
(playful)
Oh, Julian. You're incorrigible.

JULIAN
Com'on.

MRS. LAUDNER
(confidential)
Well, it's no secret she's very unhappy.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. WESTWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

The usual Westwood mix: stores, students, sun.

CUT TO:

40 OMITTED

41 EXT. WESTWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

Julian, book in hand, walks south on Westwood. He watches his reflection in the store windows as he passes.

He turns into Tower Records.

CUT TO:

42 INT. TOWER RECORDS

Julian, standing amid a gaggle of high school girls, looks over the new LP releases.

We CONTINUE TO WATCH him from the observer's POV. From the sidewalk, then from inside the store. *

Julian turns: he is about to bump INTO US. Then he turns again, and moves down another aisle. We FOLLOW down a parallel aisle.

Then Julian abruptly turns TOWARD US and looks up. He runs into the person who has been following him and smiles.

Michelle pretends to be looking through a record rack.

JULIAN
Hello there.

MICHELLE
(feigns surprise)
Oh. Hello, Julian.

JULIAN
You shop here often?

MICHELLE
Just browsing.

JULIAN
Me too.
(gestures)
Well, I've got to go. Nice to talk to you, Mrs. Stratton. *

Julian is teasing. He also wanted to "bump" into her.

MICHELLE
Wait.

Julian turns and walks back to her.

MICHELLE
I have to talk to you. Why don't we have a drink?

42 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
(touches her hand)
I'd like that. Now or later?

CUT TO:

43 INT. MOVLING RESTAURANT

Julian and Michelle sit in a darkened nook in the bar section. She sips a whiskey sour. He straightens her collar.

MICHELLE
I wish you hadn't been there last night. I didn't want you to know who I was -- am.

JULIAN
It doesn't matter.

MICHELLE
Jost is my maiden name.

JULIAN
I've seen your husband on television. He's very impressive.

MICHELLE
He's very ambitious.

JULIAN
You should not see me anymore. It only makes things worse for you.

MICHELLE
Are you refusing to see me again?

Julian squeezes a lemon slice into his iced tea.

JULIAN
(ironic)
You looked quite nice in the reception line last night. Very demure and proper.

MICHELLE
What is that supposed to mean?

JULIAN
Nothing.

Cautious and afraid, they toy with each other. Julian and Michelle are moving together emotionally, but neither wants to be the first to admit it.

43 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE
I would never do anything to hurt him politically. I could never leave him. I would die first.

JULIAN
You're dying now. You're becoming a non-person. Another five years and there'll be nothing left.

MICHELLE
Why are you saying this to me?

JULIAN
Because I know you. I understand you. I can help you.

MICHELLE
(in awe)
Boy, you're really good. You've really got that bullshit down pat.

JULIAN
Don't let your husband blackmail you.

MICHELLE
He has this big political thing about having a wife and family. He keeps wanting me to get pregnant.

JULIAN
Who are we talking about? You or him?

MICHELLE
I can't tell anymore.
(almost desperate)
What can I do?

JULIAN
I don't know: be yourself?

MICHELLE
Leave him?

JULIAN
His career will survive. People forget. These things have to be done quietly. Don't let him fool you with his talk about duty and self-sacrifice. He's getting what he wants. You have to do the same: take the pleasure when you can.

She sips her empty glass:

43 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
And you, Julian? Where do you come in? Where do you get pleasure?

CUT TO:

44 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Jill calls Julian over as he enters:

JILL
Julian.

JULIAN
(walks over)
Hey, Jill.

JILL
There was a kid here looking for you.

JULIAN
(suspicious)
What did he want?

JILL
He wouldn't say. He seemed to know where your room was. I told him he couldn't go up and he left.

JULIAN
Black or white?

JILL
White. About 18. Blond hair.

JULIAN
What was he wearing?

JILL
Jeans, tennis shoes, white shirt. Is anything wrong?

He dismisses her concerns with a wave of his hand.

JULIAN
No. Thanks for telling me. See you later.

Thinking to himself, Julian heads toward his room.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL - DAY

A Beverly Hills landmark.

CUT TO:

46 INT. EL PADRINO ROOM - DAY

The late afternoon crowd is sprinkled with members of Julian's native class: the young, the beautiful, the rich and the deeply tanned.

Julian and LILLIAN, an attractive mid-fortyish woman, sit in an out-of-the-way booth. Julian's copy of The Uses of Enchantment rests beside her arm.

LILLIAN
(looks at book)
This was really thoughtful of you, Julian.

JULIAN
It's quite a good book. I thought you'd like it.

LILLIAN
I'll read it.

JULIAN
Then we can...

LILLIAN
(secretive)
You know what I really would like, Julian?

JULIAN
(inviting)
No, what?

LILLIAN
I'm embarrassed to say.

JULIAN
Com'on, Lillian, there's no secrets between us.

LILLIAN
Well, there's this kid who does our lawn, you know. A Spanish boy. He must only be 17. I just sit in the kitchen and watch him. I can't take my eyes off him. I fantasize about him coming into the bedroom, taking off his jeans...

JULIAN
He works alone?

LILLIAN
His father leaves after about an hour, then he's the only one here.

46 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
What are you afraid of, Lillian? You surprise me. You're a good-looking woman. Just because you're not some silly little schoolgirl, you think you're not allowed to desire young men? How foolish you are. You're a good-looking woman, but you're afraid, you're embarrassed of being yourself.
(a beat)
Don't disappoint me, Lillian. Next time he comes by and it's hot out and he's sweating, ask him in for a Coke. He'll appreciate it. His other employers don't pay any attention to him. They think he's just some dumb spic kid. Be nice to him.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BEVERLY WILSHIRE LOBBY - DAY

Julian, straightening his coat, walks out of the El Padrino Room, through the lobby and into the barbershop. *

CUT TO:

48 INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Julian sits in one of the chairs and motions to the BOOTBLACK.

JULIAN
Joe.

BOOTBLACK
Just a second, Mr. Kay. *

Detective Sunday walks into the barbershop, looks around, spots Julian. He walks over.

SUNDAY
What a surprise. Mr. Kay. *

JULIAN
(suspicious)
Yeah, there've been quite a few coincidences lately. It's getting to be a pattern.
(a beat)
Sit down, Detective. Get a shine. You need it. On me.

48 CONTINUED:

SUNDAY
Thank you, Julian.

Sunday looks at his scruffy shoes and sits next to Julian. The Bootblack brings his stool over and starts to shine Julian's brown Armani's.

SUNDAY
You're quite dressed up today.

JULIAN
I have to go over to the Cuntry Club.

SUNDAY
We checked out your alibi. Mrs. Williams say she was with you Tuesday night, but that you dropped her off at seven. The Rhyman murder was at ten.

JULIAN
Shit.
(a beat)
But I described her house. Her bedroom.

SUNDAY
She said that you had been helping her redecorate. That you had been to Park Bernet looking for a bureau.
(a beat)
I can understand why she might say that. She has a reputation to protect.

Julian, shaking his head to himself, is more piqued than surprised: "does it just figure?"

Sunday, studying Julian's reactions, mixes his "hard" and "soft" questions:

SUNDAY
(pleasantly curious)
How do you do it, Julian? This afternoon with Mrs. Jarvie, tonight at the Country Club. How do you seduce all these women?

Julian looks at Sunday coldly. The Detective has been fucking with his client list: interrogating Mrs. Randall, spying on Mrs. Jarvie. With attention like this, Julian will soon be back out on the streets.

JULIAN
I'll tell you what, Sunday.
(MORE)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You've been bugging me quite a bit. Spying on me, digging into my private life. You ease off my clients a bit and I'll tell you how to get more women.

SUNDAY
How's that?

The Bootblack moves over to Sunday's chair.

JULIAN
First, obviously, you dress for shit. But anybody can fix that. It's your face. And your body. You carry yourself all wrong. You got back problems? And your jaw...
(gestures)
... it hangs so loose. Tighten it up a little. Do some jaw exercises...

SUNDAY
Doesn't it every bother you, Julian?

JULIAN
What?

SUNDAY
What you do.

JULIAN
Giving women pleasure? I should feel guilty about that?

SUNDAY
But it's not legal.

JULIAN
But legal is not always right. Men make the laws, and sometimes men are wrong. Or stupid. Or jealous.

SUNDAY
And you know better?

JULIAN
There are men who are above the law.

SUNDAY
How do these men know who they are?

48 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN
They know.
(a beat)
They ask themselves.

SUNDAY
Why didn't you tell me you handcuffed Mrs. Rhyman?

JULIAN
I didn't.

SUNDAY
Yeah, you said that. That's why I went back and checked it twice with the coroner. Mrs. Rhyman's wrists were cut up quite a bit where the cuffs were -- apparently she put up quite a fight after she was handcuffed. But, underneath the cuts...
(gestures)
... there were bruises from where she had been cuffed earlier. The coroner estimates about 48 hours earlier. Which would be the night you were there.

Julian is silent. The Bootblack finishes Sunday's shoes.

JULIAN
I'll take care of you in a minute, Joe.

Joe walks off. Sunday takes a black-and-white 5x7 out of his pocket and hands it to Julian: it is a grisly crime scene photo of Judy Rhyman's body.

SUNDAY
She was beaten with a heavy metal object, raped, then violated with an object -- presumably the murder weapon.

Julian pales when he sees the photograph.

JULIAN
Jesus Christ.

He tries to explain:

JULIAN
Yeah, I handcuffed her, but you've got to understand people like the Rhymans.
(MORE)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
It's like a game to them. I'll explain...

Sunday listens.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL STAIRS - DAY *

Julian walks through the lobby. He is suspicious and angry.

His fears are confirmed. Jill says as he passes the desk:

JILL
They were here two hours. I couldn't stop them. They had a search warrant.

Julian heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

50 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian's suite is a mess. The police have searched every corner: the mattress has been pulled off its springs, books off the shelves, drawers out of the dresser. After a moment, Julian picks up the receiver and dials:

JULIAN
Hi, Jill. It's Julian. You can send the maid in now.

Julian hangs up and looks around the room.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian's car is parked outside.

CUT TO:

52 INT. ANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Julian walks into the empty house.

Anne, sitting on the deck, sees him and walks over. She wears shorts and a Hermes T-shirt.

TIM, a boy of about 7, bounces a beach ball on the sun deck.

52 CONTINUED:

ANNE
You're becoming a regular visitor, Julian. What's happening?

JULIAN
Something I wanted to talk about.

Anne motions towards the boy.

ANNE
I don't like to have anybody in the house when Tim visits. The courts might not let me see him at all.

JULIAN
Let's go to the beach.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY

Julian and Anne walk along the beach.

JULIAN
I think I'm in a frame.

ANNE
Who's putting you in?

JULIAN
I'm not sure. I can only see the frame.
(a beat)
It's the Rhyman murder. You know, in Palm Springs. *

A teenage girl and her water-soaked Irish Setter dash down the beach past them.

ANNE
You tricked with them?

JULIAN
Only once. As a favor to Leon.

ANNE
(without emotion)
You two-timing bastard.

JULIAN
So I'm a nice guy. I can't help it. Would you ask around?

ANNE
Why don't you ask your new friend Leon?

53 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I may just do that.

ANNE
You trick for other people. You cheat me out of money. Then when you need a favor, you come back to me.

Julian looks out across the ocean.

ANNE
If I help you, you'll have to help me.

JULIAN
How?

ANNE
You'll have to come back to me. Work strictly for me.

JULIAN
That doesn't have anything to do with this.

ANNE
Like shit it doesn't. When I found you, you were on the street sucking cock. I taught you how to treat women. How to make love. Then one day you come to me and say, "I'm too good for you" and cut me out. It ain't right, Julie.

JULIAN
It's different now, Anne. I'm more than I used to be. When I'm good now, I don't even have to make love. I'm getting older. I've got to move forward.

ANNE
Please, Julie, save me the speeches.
(pause)
How's the Swedish coming?

JULIAN
I'll be ready.

ANNE
She's coming in a week from today.

JULIAN
What do they want?

53 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE
Chauffeur, guide, part-time translator. She apparently has certain sexual idiosyncrasies. She's wired to a lot of auto money. *
(a beat)
You gonna come back with me?

Julian nods. They continue down the beach.

ANNE
You did it, didn't you?

JULIAN
What?

ANNE
The Rhyman killing. *

He doesn't answer.

ANNE
Don't worry, Julie. It doesn't matter.

Julian looks out back across the ocean: a vast, empty plain.

CUT TO:

54 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian, barefooted, wearing jeans and an "Ohio U" T-shirt, holds a ten-pound dumbbell in hand. He alternates between curls and high-low arm lifts.

The Berlitz cassette is on the player. Julian speaks to the mirror as he lifts the weights:

CASSETTE
Hur lange behover jag vanta?
(a beat)
How long must I wait?

JULIAN
Hur lange behover jag vanta?
(a beat)
How long must I wait?

The CASSETTE RUNS OUT. Julian continues his arm curls.

He repeats the last line, placing the emphasis on a different word each time. Each line has a different meaning.

54 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
How long must I wait?
(a beat)
How long must I wait?
(a beat)
How long must I wait?

CUT TO:

55 OMITTED

56 EXT. BEL AIR HOME - DAY

Julian climbs out of his Mercedes and walks across the leisurely green lawn of a Bel Air estate.

A 17-year-old SPANISH YOUTH clips the hedge as his father runs a power mower across the lawn.

Julian steps over to the Spanish Youth:

JULIAN
Ola. Hable usted ingles?

SPANISH YOUTH
Un poco.

JULIAN
Quiere usted ayudarme? Estoy buscando por 890 North...
(looks at him closely)
... you work for Mrs. Jarvie, don't you? She has a house in Brentwood. On Carmelina just north of Sunset.

SPANISH YOUTH
(thinks)
Si. We work there.

JULIAN
(digressing)
I really shouldn't tell you this, but I was at her house last week and we were sitting in the kitchen and she was talking about you.

The Youth grins sheepishly.

SPANISH YOUTH
No?

JULIAN
She's really a nice woman, a good-looking woman.
(MORE)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You should meet her sometime. She's kind. I like her a lot.
(confidential)
You should knock on the door. Say hello. I think she would like to meet you. She's...
(shrugs)
... well, just forget I said anything.

The Spanish Youth's father looks over reprovingly, but the Youth dismisses his critical glare with a wave of his hand: don't worry, it's all right, Dad.

57 EXT. COLDWATER CANYON - DAY CUT TO:

Julian's Mercedes winds its way up the canyon.

58 EXT. WILLIAMS HOUSE CUT TO:

Julian pulls into the driveway of a Coldwater Canyon home and gets out.

He presses a wrinkle out of his trousers and rings the doorbell. A MAID answers:

MAID
Yes?

JULIAN
I'd like to speak to Mrs. Williams. My name is Julian Kay.

MAID
Just a moment.

Julian nervously waits. A moment later, Lisa Williams comes to the door.

LISA
(defensive)
Hello, Julian. Why are you here?

JULIAN
Can I talk to you?

LISA
What do you want?

Julian tries to edge his way inside. Lisa holds her ground.

58 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Have the police talked to you?

LISA
Yes, there was a detective here. I was very surprised you used my name.

JULIAN
I'm very, very sorry about that, Lisa, but this is very important. This is my life.

Lisa struggles to maintain her front.

LISA
I told the detective the truth.

JULIAN
But I was here, Lisa, I was here with you until midnight.

LISA
Julian, that's not... I can't. You weren't here.

A casually-dressed, middle-aged man, JIM WILLIAMS, walks to the door and stands beside his wife.

WILLIAMS
What is it, dear?

LISA
This is Julian Kay. The boy who was helping with the decorating. The one who told the police he was with me the night of that murder. *

Williams eyes Julian with cold disdain.

WILLIAMS
It's bad enough you make a fool of my wife at Park Bernet, but then you go spreading your dirty lies. Leave us alone.

JULIAN
I swear, Mr. Williams, I'm not lying.

Williams edges Lisa behind him. He is in control here, not his wife.

WILLIAMS
(hateful)
I don't know what you did. I don't want to know.
(MORE)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, you're going to have to pay for it. And you're not going to get out of it by dragging me or my wife into your sordid affairs.

JULIAN
The truth. That's all I'm asking for.

WILLIAMS
I know you're lying.

JULIAN
How?

Williams looks him straight in the eye:

WILLIAMS
Because I was here with my wife the entire evening.

CUT TO:

59 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julian and Michelle, both clothed, sit cross-legged on his large bed.

MICHELLE
Thank you, it's been a wonderful evening.

JULIAN
Tack, det har varit en underbar kvall.

After each response, they move closer to each other.

MICHELLE
Can I see you again tomorrow?

JULIAN
Kan vi traffas imorgon?

Michelle whispers seductively:

MICHELLE
Do you live alone?

JULIAN
Bor Ni ensam?

Michelle slips into French:

59 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE
Je crois que je t'aime beaucoup. *

JULIAN
Moi aussi.

They embrace and roll on the bed together. Their tongues are lost in each other's.

Julian runs his hand down her firm leg. She grasps his buttocks.

He unsnaps her jeans and starts to unzip her fly.

MICHELLE
No, not yet.

Julian pulls her zipper down.

JULIAN
Huh?

MICHELLE
Please, Julian, I don't want to fuck yet.

JULIAN
(confused)
Why not?

MICHELLE
Let's just make out some more.

He pulls back from her embrace.

JULIAN
What's wrong?

MICHELLE
(kissing him)
I just want to make out some more.

Julian, baffled, pushes her back.

JULIAN
Michelle. You love to make love. What's wrong.

MICHELLE
I love to be with you, to talk to you. I love it when you kiss me, when you touch me... but not when you fuck me. Because when you fuck me you go to work.

JULIAN
But you loved to make love before.

59 CONTINUED: (2)

She zips up her fly.

MICHELLE
That was before.

JULIAN
Before what?

MICHELLE
Before I cared about you.

JULIAN
If it's your period, that's all right with me. In fact, I like the taste of the blood, I love the...

MICHELLE
(cuts him short)
Don't give me that bullshit. You know what I'm talking about. I can't give you any pleasure. You can't fool me: I see the way you dramatize your "orgasm" just to give me pleasure. Such a big production, but you really hold yourself above everything. Always at a distance, always in control. *

JULIAN
But I get my pleasure from pleasing you. *

MICHELLE
That's not enough -- not for you, not for me. I can't take sex unless I can give it -- and there's nothing you will take from me.

JULIAN
You don't know what you're talking about.

MICHELLE
Yes I do. And so do you.

Julian stands and walks over to the stereo. He fools around with a couple of tapes but can't seem to get one into the tape deck.

JULIAN
Yeah, I do. You're talking about me changing my life. About giving up what I do.

59 CONTINUED: (3)

MICHELLE
Is that so shocking?

JULIAN
What do you want me to say? That I care about you? All right, dammit, I care. I really do.

MICHELLE
It's still not enough.

Julian walks over to his portable typewriter and looks at the half-written page in the carriage: it's a letter to the Manager of the Westwood Apt. Hotel on Los Angeles Police Department stationery. *

JULIAN
How can I quit? This is all I'm good at...

MICHELLE
That's not true.

JULIAN
(pause)
Besides, I can't quit. I need the protection.

MICHELLE
What protection?

JULIAN
The people I know take care of each other. If I quit, I'd be out on a limb.

MICHELLE
Then we'd be even. I'm already out on one.

JULIAN
I'm in trouble right now. I need their help.

Michelle doesn't understand.

JULIAN
I'm being framed by somebody. I don't know who. There was a murder in Palm Springs a couple weeks ago. The police think I did it. It was a woman I met once, but I was someplace else. But my alibi completely denies it. * *

59 CONTINUED: (4)

MICHELLE
(astonished)
Why would anyone want to do that to you?

JULIAN
That's what I can't figure out. It doesn't make any sense.

MICHELLE
When was the murder?

JULIAN
A week ago Tuesday.

Julian sits on the bed next to Michelle.

MICHELLE
Weren't we together that night?

JULIAN
(looks in her eyes)
Baby, I wish we were.

He puts his arms around her and kisses her passionately.

She starts to pull back. He kisses her neck:

JULIAN
All right, we won't make love.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

Julian is again walking through Westwood. He is again being followed. We SEE him from an unseen observer's POV.

He walks up Westwood and turns on Weyburn. He stops and glances at clothes in a men's store window. He is aware that he is being followed.

Walking on, he glances back and sees who is tracking him: a young man in his mid-twenties.

Julian's eyes flit forward and back again.

Watching his follower's reaction in a store window, Julian cuts across the street. FLOYD, the young man, follows.

Passing the Hamburger Hamlet, Julian cuts through the entrance to the Bruin Theater.

Julian ducks behind a corner and waits. When Floyd turns the corner, Julian grabs him by the collar and smashes him against one of the movie poster display windows and frisks him.

60 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
You're really not very good at this, you know.

The young man is frightened and nervous. He's obviously had no previous experience as a gumshoe.

FLOYD
What?

JULIAN
Following people. You're lousy at it.

FLOYD
Who are you? What are you talking about?

JULIAN
Who's paying you? You're too obvious to be a cop. Leon?

FLOYD
I'm going to call the police.

Julian reaches into the young man's jacket and removes his wallet.

JULIAN
Go ahead.

Julian flips through the wallet pulling out credit cards and other pieces of identification.

JULIAN
Let's see: Floyd Wicker, BankAmericard, Master Charge, driver's license...

FLOYD
(grabbing)
Give those back.

JULIAN
(pushes him away)
... born 7-23-52. 1405 North Hawthorne, L.A. 90046. Picture of girl friend: so-so. Her eyes are too close together. American Express. State Congressional Library pass...
(getting interested)
State of California employee identification, Senate pass, Charles Stratton, California...
(MORE)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(angry)
Who the fuck are you?

The young man grabs his wallet and cards back.

FLOYD
You can read, can't you?

JULIAN
You work for Senator Charles Stratton? *

FLOYD
(shrugs)
Yeah.

JULIAN
Why are you following me?

FLOYD
I was told to.

JULIAN
By the Senator?

FLOYD
Who else?

JULIAN
Why?

FLOYD
I was really following his wife.
But that led to you.

JULIAN
How long have you worked for
Stratton, Floyd? *

FLOYD
Six months.

JULIAN
Jesus Christ. And this guy wants
to run for Congress.

FLOYD
He didn't think it would be right
to hire a private detective.

JULIAN
What do you know about me?

FLOYD
You're just a guy who's been seeing
his wife -- or vice versa.

60 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN
If the Senator wants to know about my private life, why doesn't he ask me himself?

The young man doesn't answer. Julian fumbles in the pocket of his khaki jacket and pulls out a felt pen.

Holding Floyd's face with one hand, Julian writes bold black numerals across his head: 636-1636.

JULIAN
Here, Floyd, this is my phone number. Just so you won't forget. If Stratton wants to talk to me, just have him call.
(pushes him away)
Now leave me alone.

The young man, embarrassed, touches his forehead and walks out of the Bruin Theater entrance.

Julian watches him for a moment, then heads the opposite direction.

61 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT CUT TO:

A discreet sign indicates the LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB.

62 EXT. L.A. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Julian sits on the patio.

The Country Club looms behind him like an antebellum mansion. Blacks and Filipinos, dressed as waiters, collect and deliver drink orders. The women wear skirts; the men jackets and ties. The children, like miniature versions of their parents, sit soberly and try to look respectable.

The patio overlooks a fountain and the ninth hole. In the distance, above the fir trees, one can SEE the lights of Trousdale and the Hollywood Hills.

The WASP Holy of Holies.

Julian sips his bourbon Manhattan, looks at the door and waits.

Senator Stratton, an assistant and Floyd (with traces of felt pen on his forehead) appear at the door. The young man says something to Stratton and points out Julian. The assistant gives the maitre d' a tip.

62 CONTINUED:

Stratton walks over to Julian. The assistant and Floyd find another table. *

Julian watches the Senator out of the corner of his eye, then goes back to his Manhattan.

Stratton pulls up a white wrought-iron chair and sits down across the table. Julian shows no emotion. *

STRATTON *
I received your message, Mr. Kay. *
I thought I'd come see you in person.

A black waiter promptly arrives tableside:

STRATTON *
Vodka tonic, please.

Julian waits for the waiter to leave.

JULIAN
This is a surprise, Senator. I'm happy to see you haven't lost touch with your constituency.

STRATTON *
I'm not talking as a Senator now, I'm talking as a husband.

JULIAN
That's too bad. I'm not a wife.

STRATTON *
What do you want?

JULIAN
Want?

STRATTON *
I know who you are. I've had you researched. I can't stop my wife from being a fool, but I can stop her from being blackmailed.

Julian glances back at the door. He's expecting someone.

JULIAN
I don't know what you're talking about.

STRATTON *
You don't? A week ago you murdered a woman in Palm Springs.
(MORE)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

STRATTON (CONT'D)
I won't bother with the niceties of presumed innocence. Three days later you saw my wife at a fund-raiser and seduced her. You think you can blackmail me into helping you.

As Stratton speaks, an overdressed fiftyish woman walks in, spots Julian, smiles and walks toward him. Then she sees Stratton and abruptly turns on her heel and exits. *

JULIAN
(watching her go)
You're crazy.

STRATTON *
Am I? My wife asked me last night about the Rhyman murder. *
It didn't make any sense until I heard about you...

JULIAN
(interrupting)
Have you discussed this with Michelle?

With just one look, Julian knows Stratton has not confided in his wife. This kind of man doesn't confide in anyone. *

STRATTON *
(ignoring Julian's question)
... You won't blackmail me. You can threaten to spread our names over every tabloid, but I won't interfere with the legal process.

The waiter brings Stratton's vodka tonic. They wait for him to leave. *

JULIAN
You don't know what the fuck you're talking about, mister.

STRATTON *
I know a whore when I see one. How much?

Julian looks Stratton in the eye and realizes how much he hates him. *

JULIAN
Not to see your wife again?

Stratton nods. *

62 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN
Two grand.

STRATTON
You got a deal. I don't want to give you a check. I'll get you the cash in about an hour.

Julian points at Stratton.

JULIAN
I'm seeing Michelle because I want to see her -- and she wants to see me.
(growing angry)
I don't want a fucking dime from you. I was just testing you, trying to see what kind of man you were. There ain't no amount of money you got that I want.

Stratton responds to Julian's disdain in kind:

STRATTON
Let me be even simpler. You live off the good graces of a small number of people -- such as Mrs. Andrews who was just at the door a minute ago.
(gestures)
And the good graces of places such as this. Before you have time to stand up, I can have you barred from this club. And Perino's. And Chasen's. Same goes for your clients. You're just a hanger-on. And unless you want to find another crowd to hang on to, you'd better not see my wife again.

This gives Julian pause for thought.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Julian wheels his Mercedes around a corner and heads up Highland Avenue. He removes his bow tie and loosens his collar.

He plugs a CASSETTE into the STEREO and turns east on Hollywood to the hard-driving beat of the J. Geils Band: "Struttin' With My Baby."

63 CONTINUED:

It's past midnight; the stores and restaurants are closed. The theater-goers and tourists have gone home. The streets now belong to their natural denizens: the hustlers, hookers, pimps, transvestites and omnipresent patrol cars.

63A ANGLE

Studying the sidewalks, he drives down Selma and turns back on Highland.

63B FURTHER DOWN HIGHLAND

Julian walks out of the Paradise Ballroom, lingering to talk to a couple of hustlers in the doorway. He walks back to his Mercedes and drives off.

63C SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD

Julian parks on Santa Monica Boulevard and walks down the block toward The Probe. He brushes past a young man propped against the doorway as he enters.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE PROBE - NIGHT

Julian draws some scattered hostile stares. The Probe is a gay bar which caters to the rougher street trade. The air hangs heavy with passion and paranoia.

He looks out of place in his dinner jacket. The room is packed, elbow-to-elbow, buttocks-to-buttocks, with short-haired young men in jeans and T-shirts. Cowboys, hard-hats, leatherboys, telephone repairmen -- by night. By day, salesmen, copywriters, junior executives.

Julian taps a street kid on the shoulder and asks him a question. The kid shrugs and walks off.

An aura of hostility surrounds Julian. He's not happy to be here -- and nobody's particularly happy to have him here. He's not well thought of in the hustler crowd -- he moved uptown and now he thinks he's too good for them.

Julian looks around and spots JASON, an old acquaintance, and elbows his way toward him.

JASON
Well, Julian. I haven't seen you in a long time. What brings...

JULIAN
(cuts him short)
I'm looking for Leon.
(MORE)

64 CONTINUED:

JULIAN (CONT'D)
I heard he might be here. Have you seen him?

JASON
Yeah, he was here advertising his new boy. A cute little blond kid. I think he's out in back somewhere.

JULIAN
Thanks, Jason.

JASON
(sarcastic)
It was nice seeing you again.

Julian squeezes his way across the dance floor to the rear of the club where he finds Leon scrunched up against the wall. He sidles next to him.

LEON
Julie. I thought that was you. What is this? Homecoming?

JULIAN
I've been trying to find you.

LEON
Let's go out back where it's quieter.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. THE PROBE - NIGHT *

Julian and Leon lean against the railing.

LEON *
What are you doing here?

Leon shrugs.

JULIAN
I heard you were showing off a new boy.

LEON
(nods and looks back)
Gotta make sure one of these fruits don't steal him from me.

JULIAN
Have you heard anything about the Rhyman killing? *

65 CONTINUED:

LEON
That's all I've been hearing about. Fuckin' cops been on my ass like glue.

JULIAN
I've been getting the third degree.

LEON
So have half the boys in town. You saw what it was like in there. Everybody's waiting for a crackdown.

JULIAN
I may need some help. I don't have an alibi. It was you that sent me there, you know.

LEON
You need one?

JULIAN
Yeah.

LEON
I'll see what I can do.

JULIAN
Who do you think killed her?

LEON
(shrugs)
If I was a cop I'd be more interested in Rhyman himself -- he's a freak.

JULIAN
But he's got an alibi.

LEON
Big deal.
(changing the subject)
Hey, Julie, I got a thing later tonight I'll let you in on. Pocket money.

JULIAN
Straight?

LEON
This time of night? You're kidding.

Julian looks away Two boys walk off.

65 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
I'm through doing your shit, Leon. Through with your rough trade, your goddamn kinky numbers. That's all over...

LEON
I heard about your other problems too.

JULIAN
What problems?

LEON
Your clients, Julie. Your rich pussy. They're looking for new boys. The cops have made you too hot. They won't touch you. Ask around...

JULIAN
Fuck 'em.

LEON
Hey, Julie, you ask me to help you out of a tight spot. I'm glad to do it. But then you tell me you won't do my tricks. How you expect me to help you?

Julian winces: he's caught again.

JULIAN
(pause)
You get me the alibi, then we'll talk about the tricks.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

Julian's 450SL speeds down Santa Monica Boulevard. The streets are deserted.

CUT TO:

67 INT. STRATTON BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Michelle, wearing a pink bathrobe, sits on the kingsize bed. Charles Stratton, barefoot in black trousers, stands * by the curtained windows.

Both look very tired. The tears have dried on Michelle's cheeks.

67 CONTINUED:

A console TV continues to glow, long after the station has signed off the air.

STRATTON
I didn't know you hated me that much.

MICHELLE
I don't hate you.

STRATTON
No?

MICHELLE
(to herself)
I don't hate you.

He pulls a shoe-tree out of a black wing-tip, shakes it aimlessly in the air, then replaces it and sets the shoe back on the dresser.

STRATTON
What else do you call it? Consideration? Affection? Other wives have "nervous breakdowns" or go on long vacations, but you hire a male prostitute.

MICHELLE
(wincing)
Oh my God, Charles, don't start again.

STRATTON
But you won't stop seeing him?

Michelle doesn't answer. Stratton steps over to the TV and flips the channel selector until he finds an all-night station.

MICHELLE
He needs me. He's all alone. He needs someone.

STRATTON
He! What about me? Are you going to be able to live with what you're doing to me? I'm losing my wife -- who I love. I'm on the very brink of getting my party's nomination for Congress. Instead of getting that nomination, I'll become the subject of slander, gossip. I'll be ridiculed, possibly forced out of politics Is that what you want to do to me?

67 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
(distraught)
No, Charles, no.

STRATTON
I'm going to step on him, you know. He's just a little bug who's wandered too far out on the highway. And I've got to squash him.

MICHELLE
What can I do?

STRATTON
To save him? Or to help me?

MICHELLE
They're not the same. I care about you, it's just that I...

STRATTON
Love him.
(resigned)
I'll tell you what to do. Take a rest. Don't rush into anything. Go to Europe for several months. You're not feeling well. Get some psychiatric help, have your affair over there if you like. When you come back the primaries will be over. We can face the problem then.
(a beat)
Please.

Michelle mulls this over. It's cruel, but it's the least she can do.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY

CUT TO:

69 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian opens the door: Michelle, tired and red-eyed, stands waiting.

She smiles through her exhaustion. She's happy to see him.

MICHELLE
Hello, Julian. I have to talk...

Emotion sweeps over Julian. His heart leaps out to hers. He pulls her body to his.

69 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Michelle. I've been trying to find you. I wanted to see you.

Julian pulls back and looks at Michelle:

JULIAN
What's the matter, baby? You look completely worn out.

MICHELLE
I didn't get much sleep.

JULIAN
Let's take a walk. Let me put my shoes on.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. UCLA BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY

They walk up Hilgard past LeConte and turn at the small sign reading "UCLA Botanical Garden."

Thirty yards from the street, the Botanical Garden is a world unto itself: a verdant jungle of exotic plants, imported trees, labyrinthine paths and artifical brooks. Each specimen is labeled: the Japanese Aralia, the Mexican Fan Palm, the Hydrangeas.

JULIAN
(hesitant)
I've been thinking about what you said the other day. I know what you were talking about. You have to understand it's not easy for me. But I think...

Michelle can't let him continue:

MICHELLE
Don't go any further.

Michelle stops and sits by a gnarled Yucca tree. He sits beside her.

JULIAN
What do you mean?

MICHELLE
I can't bear to hear it.

JULIAN
How do you know what I'm going to say?

70 CONTINUED:

MICHELLE
I'm afraid of what you're going to say. I can't allow myself to hear it.
(pause)
I made Charles a promise. That's what I came to tell you. I'm going to Rome for two months. It's the least I can do for him. *

Julian stands and looks away. Two hummingbirds flit above the Oleander bushes.

MICHELLE
Will you wait for me?

JULIAN
When are you leaving?

MICHELLE
Next Monday.

JULIAN
Will we see each other before you leave?

MICHELLE
I don't think we should.
(a beat)
Will you wait?

She stands and walks over to him. Two Japanese students, arm in arm, walk past. He looks away:

JULIAN
All my life, Michelle, I've been waiting, standing at the ocean waiting...

MICHELLE
Julian, please stop...

JULIAN
... waiting for something on the horizon.
(turns to her)
I'm a good liar, but I'm not lying now.

MICHELLE
I'll wait for you. Tell me you'll wait for me.

JULIAN
(sad and resigned)
I don't know if I'll have a chance.

70 CONTINUED: (2)

MICHELLE
You mean because of the Palm Springs murder case. If I do this for Charles he won't hurt you. He may even help you.

Julian shrugs his shoulders hopelessly. With friends like Stratton and Leon, he needs no enemies.

Julian takes Michelle's hand and leads her over a narrow wood bridge toward the exit.

She pulls him to her:

MICHELLE
I wanted to talk about the other day. I didn't mean what I said. When I said I didn't want to fuck you.
(kisses him)
I want to fuck you. I wanted to fuck you then. I always want to fuck you.
(between kisses)
I want to fuck you now.

Julian wraps his arms around her. They exchange a long kiss. Time almost stops.

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

72 INT. SUNDAY'S OFFICE - DAY

A POLICE OFFICER escorts Julian and his LAWYER into Sunday's office.

LIEUTENANT CURTIS, a young man in a plaid suit, stands waiting in the corner. Sunday looks up from his desk:

SUNDAY
This is Lieutenant Curtis from Palm Springs. He's in charge of this case.

JULIAN
I thought you were.

SUNDAY
Not me. I'm just in charge of pimps, prostitutes and hustlers. They keep me pretty low on the pole.

There's an awkward case as Julian and his Lawyer sit. Lt. Curtis is not a talkative man.

72 CONTINUED:

Sunday takes a dramatic pause, then looks Julian in the eye:

SUNDAY
You've been identified, Julian.

Julian loses his color. His casual demeanor evaporates. His Lawyer reaches his arm over as if to hush him.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
Julian.

JULIAN
(overlapping)
Who? Who could possible identify me?

SUNDAY
You parked your Mercedes, black, 459SL, about 50 feet from the Rhyman house between 9:30 and 10:00 the night of the 22nd. Then you proceeded up the block, and entered the house.
(a beat)
Someone saw you, Julian.

Sunday and Curtis study Julian.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
I request that formal...

JULIAN
(interrupts)
I don't understand. Who would say such a thing? I wasn't there?

SUNDAY
Then she identified Subject Number one. Then she said she wasn't sure which one of you it was.

Julian breathes a sigh of relief.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
But there was a black Mercedes?

SUNDAY
Convertible.

JULIAN
What was the license number?

SUNDAY
She didn't see it.

72 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
Damn.

Julian searches for some emotion in Curtis' face: there is none.

SUNDAY
We looked through your apartment the other day.
(to Lawyer)
We had a warrant.

JULIAN
I know.

Sunday pulls a letter-sized envelope out of his desk and shows it to Julian. Opening the envelope, he rifles through a stack of bills.

SUNDAY
Recognize these?

JULIAN
No.

SUNDAY
They were found under your mattress.

Julian looks at the bills: they were planted in his room.

JULIAN
So what?

SUNDAY
They were covered with Mrs. Rhyman's fingerprints.

JULIAN
I suppose you found the jewels too?

SUNDAY
What jewels?

JULIAN
I read the papers too. The jewels stolen from the Rhymans. Whoever planted the money probably planted the jewels too.

SUNDAY
There were no jewels.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
(to Curtis)
Didn't you ever wonder why a supposed murderer would keep a monogrammed envelope from his alleged victim under his mattress?

Curtis turns to Sunday for a response.

SUNDAY
We wondered about that.

71 CONTINUED: (3)

JULIAN
And that this whole thing is a frame?

SUNDAY
It occurred to us.

JULIAN
Have you checked on Rhyman himself? This sounds like something kinky he'd get into.

Curtis breaks his silence:

CURTIS
He has an alibi. Three Palm Springs businessmen can account for his whereabouts.

JULIAN
Big deal. How about...?

SUNDAY
(interrupts)
You're grabbing at straws, Julian.

JULIAN
How about Leon Jaimes, the spade that sent me out there?

SUNDAY
He spoke highly of you. He said you were a high class act, not the kind to do anything dumb like this.

JULIAN
What do you think?

SUNDAY
(tough)
I think you were in Palm Springs the night of the 22nd. I think you're guilty as sin. I think you went to the Rhymans, did a trick, played some rough games, got stupid or drugged or both, beat her up, killed her, stole the money and jewels.

Julian's Lawyer stands:

JULIAN'S LAWYER
Then there's nothing more to talk about until you press charges.

72 CONTINUED: (4)

SUNDAY
Even though we think Julian's guilty, we're not going to arrest him.

Curtis finally speaks:

CURTIS
For three reasons. One, we don't have enough evidence. Two, you're easy to find. Three, if you're being framed, you're going to be a lot more use to us on the street.

Julian's Lawyer stands:

JULIAN'S LAWYER
Can we go now?

Sunday turns to Curtis; Curtis nods. They start to leave.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL - DAY

Julian's Mercedes turns into the hotel drive and heads toward the parking area.

CUT TO:

74 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian pulls into his parking spot and gets out.

He senses someone watching him: he slowly turns, scanning the parking area.

A BLOND BOY watches him from across the parking structure. Standing next to a dark brown Porsche, the boy wears tennis shoes, jeans and a white T-shirt.

The Blond Boy looks vaguely familiar: Julian tries to remember if he's seen him before. Was he at The Probe with Leon?

The Blond Boy quickly gets into his Porsche and drives off.

Not bothering to lock his car, Julian heads for the hotel entrance.

CUT TO:

75 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Julian speaks to Jill at the desk:

73 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
The blond boy that was here last week looking for me, remember?

She thinks.

JULIAN
Was he about this tall?

Julian gestures. Jill remembers, then nods.

JULIAN
Tight little body? Kind of faggy looking?

JILL
(nods)
Yeah.

CUT TO:

76 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY *

Julian strides down the corridor, unlocks his door and enters.

CUT TO:

77 INT. JULIAN'S ROOM - DAY

Julian suspiciously surveys his suite.

Is anything unusual? Is anything out of place?

He walks over to the bed and yanks off the covers with one sweeping motion. Finding nothing, he lifts the king-sized mattress off the frame and heaves it against the wall.

There's nothing there.

He studies the room again. The Blond Boy has planted something in his room: where is it?

He methodically destroys his sanctuary. He scatters magazines, newspapers, cassettes and cups off a coffee table and bureau.

He rips the books from his shelves.

He opens the back of his television and searches its interior. Nothing.

He rummages through his toiletries.

He opens the back of the toilet, examines the plumbing under the sink. Nothing is out of order.

77 CONTINUED:

Julian walks back into the bedroom and looks around.

The room is a mess.

CUT TO:

78 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian steps back into the parking structure. Another car sits where the Blond Boy's Porsche was parked.

Julian steps over to the Mercedes and reaches for the handle.

He senses something wrong.

Stepping back, he notices grease on his pants. And on the side of the car. Grease that wasn't there before.

Julian opens the door and examines the leather interior.

He unlocks the hood, gets out and looks at the engine. All seems in order.

He opens the trunk. Thinks. Then pulls out the mat, spare tire and tool kit.

Inside the car, he empties the contents of the glove compartment, console and door pockets and spreads them across the concrete.

He yanks out the floor mats, rips back the carpeting. He pulls out the seat cushions.

He lies under his Mercedes with a flashlight, examining its underside. His white shirt is dirty and spotted with grease.

Auto parts are spread around the vehicle.

He pulls an oil-spotted plastic bag from the under-carriage.

Squirming from underneath the car, he opens the bag and examines its contents:

Two diamond bracelets, a pearl-string necklace and several rings.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. HERTZ OFFICE - EVENING

Julian stands at the counter in the Hertz office at Wilshire and Westwood.

79 CONTINUED:

He wears work clothes.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. HERTZ PARKING LOT - EVENING

Julian drives his yellow Pinto up to the sidewalk and waits for the traffic to break.

He looks at himself in the rearview mirror: his hair is too neat. He musses it up with his hand.

He pulls out of the lot and turns on Westwood Blvd.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Julian's yellow Pinto prowls the back streets of Hollywood's tenderloin: Las Palmas, Selma, Cherokee.

Young boys wait invitingly on every corner: studs in leather and choke chains, chicken-boned children, strutting little street punks. Their bodies, shrouded in neon halos, reflect off Julian's windshield. He scans the sidewalks. Boyish faces look back at him from the shadows.

He pulls alongside a HUSTLER on Santa Monica Blvd. and asks him:

JULIAN
Do you know a blond kid, about this tall? Hangs out with Leon Jaimes? *

The Hustler shrugs. Julian drives on.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. LAX - NIGHT

A SAS 747 lands.

CUT TO:

83 OMITTED *

84 EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

The next day. Julian's Pinto is parked on Camden.

He slouches in the driver's seat, watching a brown glass office building across the street.

His eyes are dark, he is unshaven. He starts to doze off, but catches himself.

CONTINUED:

LATER. He gets out and walks over to a phone booth.

He drops a dime into the pay phone, dials and waits for the line to ring. His eyes stay fixed on the office building.

JULIAN
(on phone)
Hello, Anne?
(a beat)
Yes, this is Julian.
(a beat)
Yes, yes, I know. I'm sorry.
(a beat)
I know I promised, but I just couldn't --
(a beat)
Can we get together? I need your help.
(a beat)
Perino's at 9:30?

Julian's eyes catch something across the street.

A limousine pulls in front of the office building and waits.

A moment later, Leon, wearing an unstructured suit, pushes the door open for Glenn Rhyman and they step out. Both are impeccably dressed.

JULIAN
(on phone)
I promise I'll be there. Don't worry. Thanks again, Anne.

Rhyman gets into Leon's brown Cadillac Seville and they drive off. Julian gets into his yellow Pinto and follows.

CUT TO:

85 INT. WESTWOOD APT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Michelle stands at the desk with Jill.

JILL
I don't know where he is. Messages have been coming in all day. I haven't seen him since yesterday.

MICHELLE
Tell me, Jill. Please.

JILL
I don't know Honest. I'd tell you, Michelle.
(MORE)

85 CONTINUED:

JILL (CONT'D)
The police were here all morning. His room's a mess.
(confidential)
There's a cop waiting outside. And another in the room. Julian's gonna get thrown out this time for sure.

MICHELLE
Does he call in?

JILL
Yes. But I'm not supposed to tell.

MICHELLE
When he calls in, tell him I'm looking for him. It's important. Ask him if there's someplace we can meet.

JILL
Is there a number where he can reach you?

MICHELLE
Yes.

She writes down the number.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Julian's yellow Pinto follows Leon's Cadillac east on Wilshire. The glass and steel skyscrapers of downtown Los Angeles loom in the smoggy distance.

Entering the downtown area, they work their way through the congested cross streets.

The Cadillac pulls up in front of the Manufacturers' Bank Building on Ninth Street. The VALET opens the door for Rhyman as they get out. Leon and Rhyman enter the bank building. *

Julian pulls to the curb and waits.

The Valet wheels the Cadillac around and drives into the underground parking structure.

Julian pulls his Pinto into a nearby parking lot.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. DOWNTOWN PARKING LOT - DAY

A PARKING ATTENDANT directs Julian to a spot.

He parks and gets out. He pulls a pair of work gloves from his back pocket and puts them on. He opens the car door, reaches inside and pulls out the oil-spotted bag of Rhyman jewels. *

He tucks the jewels into his pocket and walks across the street toward the bank.

He enters the underground parking structure.

CUT TO:

88 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian slips past the parking attendants and heads toward the VIP parking section.

Crouching down, he edges his way along a row of Rolls Royces, Mercedes' and black limos. *

He spots Rhyman's car, looks around quickly and crawls underneath. He pulls out the bag of jewels and plants them under the car.

His job completed, Julian pulls himself from under the Cadillac and tucks his gloves into his back pocket.

Across the parking structure, ANOTHER ATTENDANT steps out of the men's room and walks toward the VIP parking section.

Julian stands up, sees the Attendant and works his way through the cars in the opposite direction.

The Parking Attendant calls to him:

PARKING ATTENDANT
Hey!

Julian pretends not to hear him.

PARKING ATTENDANT
What are you doing there?

The Attendant catches up with him:

PARKING ATTENDANT
I asked you a question, boy.

Julian affects a Latin-American accent and a menial's slouch.

88 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I like to watch the big cars.

The Attendant thinks a moment, then dismisses him:

PARKING ATTENDANT
Okay. Beat it.

Julian walks out of the parking structure.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. PERINO'S - NIGHT

The Valet opens the door as a young lady dressed in Alaskan fur steps out of a Jaguar.

Julian, having parked his Pinto down the block, walks past the Valet and enters.

CUT TO:

90 INT. PERINO'S - NIGHT

Julian brushes his hair into place as he steps into the exclusive restaurant. His work clothes are soiled; he has two days' growth on his face.

The MAITRE D' looks at him in surprise.

MAITRE D'
Julian?

Julian fishes in his pocket, pulls out a ten and slips it into the Maitre d's palm.

JULIAN
Yeah. I was working and forgot about time. Got a reservation for me?

The Maitre d', still puzzled by Julian's appearance, leads him to a booth where Anne waits.

Julian plops down next to Anne and sighs.

ANNE
Julie, you look like shit. What's wrong?

JULIAN
Everything.
(to waiter)
I'll have a straight bourbon.

91 CONTINUED:

ANNE
What are you doing to yourself? The way you look now, you couldn't get a maid to fuck you.

JULIAN
I need your help, Anne. The cops are after me. They've got me framed for the Rhyman murder.

ANNE
Where were you yesterday?

JULIAN
What do you mean?

ANNE
Mrs. Vaffklar. She came in yesterday afternoon on a SAS flight from Stockholm, and there was no one at the airport to meet her. She was furious. The Saab people are furious. I've got hell to pay. What happened? Didn't you prepare?

Julian can hardly believe what he's hearing. He's at rope's end, and she's talking about some trick he missed.

JULIAN
Didn't you hear me, Anne? The cops are after me. I'm on borrowed time.

ANNE
So you stand me up? Without even bothering to call?

The waiter brings Julian's drink.

JULIAN
(exasperated)
Jesus Christ.

Julian looks around the room. He sees the face he is looking for:

Michelle sits alone in a distant booth. She looks desperately at Julian, mouthing the words, "I must talk to you "

ANNE
(looking at menu)
What do you want?

90 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
(nods to Michelle)
Just the Chopped Salad. Are you going to help me?

ANNE
I've checked around, Julie. You are in trouble.

JULIAN
That's why I need your help.

ANNE
You never did anything for me.

JULIAN
(incredulous)
Never did anything for you? I'm your number one boy.

ANNE
You fight me every turn. Screw me whenever you can. You ask a favor, then stand up a gig I worked for six months to set up.

JULIAN
(watching Michelle)
I explained that.

ANNE
I'm through with you, Julie. You'll have to fend for yourself. I don't care what happens to you anymore.

Michelle stands and walks past Julian and Anne's booth on her way to the restrooms. She nods for Julian to follow.

JULIAN
How can you replace me?

ANNE
It won't be hard. You like to think your clients are discriminating, but they really aren't. Any boy will do.

Julian's eyes follow Michelle as Anne speaks.

JULIAN
(stands)
Excuse me a second.

90 CONTINUED: (3)

Julian follows Michelle's path. He walks up the carpeted steps and turns at the top of the stairs.

He hesitates a moment, then pushes the door reading "Ladies" and enters.

CUT TO:

91 INT. PERINO'S RESTROOM - NIGHT *

Julian quickly surveys the powder room: fortunately, it's empty.

Except for Michelle. She waits across the room.

MICHELLE
Julian.

He picks up the wood doorstop and wedges it into the doorjamb. She embraces him.

MICHELLE
Thank God you got my message. I've been looking for you all day.

JULIAN
(holding her)
It's all right, baby.

MICHELLE
(distraught)
No, no, it's not. John talked to the D.A. They've found the murder weapon. They're going to arrest you.

A flash of pain crosses Julian's face.

JULIAN
That can't be.

MICHELLE
What are you going to do?

JULIAN
I don't know.

A woman tries to enter the ladies room. Julian puts his hand on the door wedge. The door budges but doesn't open. The woman walks away.

MICHELLE
How can I help you?

91 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
There's nothing you can do...

MICHELLE
There must be something...

Julian interrupts her curtly. If he's going under, there's no reason to take her along. Desperation can give rise to rare acts of altruism. So can love.

JULIAN
(takes her by the shoulders)
You don't understand. I'm in deep trouble. Stay away from me.

MICHELLE
(protesting)
No...

JULIAN
There's going to be a scandal. Don't have anything to do with me. I'll ruin your life. And your husband's. It's all over.

MICHELLE
Not if you're innocent.

He takes her face in his hands:

JULIAN
Look at me, baby. How do you know I'm innocent? How can you be so sure?

MICHELLE
But you are innocent...

He holds her face in a vise-like grip:

JULIAN
Look at my face. Can you tell me without any hesitation whatsoever that you know I'm innocent?

MICHELLE
Yes.

Julian is overwhelmed: he has never been this loved.

JULIAN
Forget me. Stay away from me.
(his eyes are moist)
I never loved you.

91 CONTINUED: (2)

Julian uses this opportunity to turn away from her and pull the wedge out of the door jamb. He must leave now before they both break down.

A woman pushes the door open, stumbles into the restroom. She looks up at Julian in surprise.

He walks out. Michelle, stunned, watches him.

CUT TO:

92 INT. PERINO'S - NIGHT *

Julian storms past a waiter and walks out of the restaurant. His face is blitzed with emotions. He tries to hold them back.

Anne and the Maitre d' watch him as he goes.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. LEON'S APT. - DAWN *

Julian's yellow Pinto is parked on the Wilshire high-rise row east of Westwood Village.

Julian, half-asleep, watches Leon's apartment building. * He looks like a zombie. He's been up all night.

About dawn, Leon's Cadillac turns into Leon's apartment * parking structure. Julian slouches further in the front seat.

Ten seconds later, another car pulls into Leon's apart- * ment: a dark brown Porsche driven by the Blond Boy. * Julian watches intently.

Julian gets out of the Pinto and walks toward the apartment high-rise.

CUT TO:

94 OMITTED

95 INT. LEON'S APARTMENT

There's a KNOCK on the door. Leon, wearing an unstructured yellow suit, a bright blue shirt and red snakeskin boots, opens the door a crack.

Julian's unshaven face appears through the crack.

LEON
(surprised)
Julian.

95 CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Let me in, Leon. It's important.

Leon unchains the door.

LEON
Julie, you look terrible. You want to clean up? Get a shave?

Julian steps into the chrome-and-glass Contempo apartment. An Andy Warhol lithograph of Martin Luther King hangs over the fireplace.

The Blond Boy, standing beside the Warhol print, sees Julian enter and walks into the bedroom. Julian catches him out of the corner of his eye.

JULIAN
I hate to bug you this time of morning, Leon, but this is important.

LEON
I'm listening.

JULIAN
You got my alibi ready? I'm going to need it today.

LEON
(hedging)
It's not ready yet, Julie. Tomorrow. I'm piecing it together. It's not easy, you know...

JULIAN
(interrupting)
Why are you trying to frame me?

LEON
What are you talking about?

JULIAN
Judy Rhyman's murder. You're behind it.

LEON
You're crazy.

JULIAN
You and Rhyman.

Leon starts to protest.

95 CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN
And that blond little boyfriend of yours. The one that was just here. The one in the brown Porsche who planted the money and jewels...

LEON
I don't know what you're talking about.

JULIAN
He's the one that actually killed her, isn't he? Got into a scene with Rhyman and his wife. Got a little rough and killed her. Then you had to get somebody to take the fall. Couldn't be the boy, couldn't be Rhyman, so...

LEON
(angry)
Don't give me this shit. I've been worked over three times by the cops on this case. I'm clean.

JULIAN
I don't care who killed Judy Rhyman. Just answer me one question: how much do I have to pay to get off the hook?

LEON
You ain't talking about money, you're talking about murder. You killed a bitch and now you're gonna pay the consequences.

JULIAN
How much?

LEON
I'm sorry for you, Julian.

JULIAN
(urgent)
How much?

Leon looks at Julian coldly. His hatred hovers just beneath the surface of his chiseled black face.

LEON
It don't matter how much, Julie. The other side will always pay me more.

95 CONTINUED: (3)

Leon smiles. He's supremely arrogant. The frame is perfect: there's nothing Julian can do about it.

JULIAN
You got the frame on pretty tight, don't you, Leon?

Leon nods.

JULIAN
You're pretty proud of yourself, aren't you? You've done a good job.

LEON
Just helping the police catch a murderer. The parking attendant saw you planting the jewels on his car, Julie. The police found the murder weapon -- a gold statue -- in the trash behind your hotel.
(a beat)
And that broad in Palm Springs is going to change her mind any time now -- and identify you.

JULIAN
(pleading)
What do you want, Leon? This is my life! You know what they'll do to me in jail, don't you?

Leon smiles:

LEON
(cruel)
I know.

JULIAN
I'm worth 20-30 grand. It's all yours.

Leon has no comment.

JULIAN
I met a Spanish kid the other day. A beautiful boy. Seventeen-year-old. I already broke him in. He did a trick with Mrs. Jarvie. He's all yours.
(no comment)
I'll break in new boys for you. I'll work just for you on a 40-60 split.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(no comment)
30-70. I'll do fag tricks. I'll do kink tricks. I'll do whatever you want me to do.

95A ANOTHER ANGLE *

Leon walks out on the sun deck, then looks back at Julian:

LEON
Leave me alone, Julian. Get out.

JULIAN
Your blond trick killed her, didn't he? He and Rhyman together. *

LEON
It doesn't matter now.

JULIAN
(following him)
Why was it me, Leon? Why did you pick me to frame?

Leon looks across the misty Los Angeles horizon. The sun will soon be rising. He turns back to Julian:

LEON
Because you were frame-able, Julie. You'd stepped on too many toes. Nobody cared about you.
(a beat)
I never liked you much myself. Now get out.

Leon's eye catches something on the narrow strip of lawn twelve floors down. He makes a subtle gesture to the person down below -- which Julian notices.

JULIAN
Who's out there? Your new boy?

Julian charges toward Leon:

JULIAN
Tell me, you motherfucker!

Julian hits Leon full force just as he is leaning over the railing.

Leon is just enough off balance ot be thrown up onto the iron railing. He teeters atop the iron rail.

75A CONTINUED:

Leon's arms flail about. One hits Julian square in the face: Leon starts to sink over the far side. His wallet and change slip from his coat, falling to the pavement twelve stories below.

LEON
Help! Help!

Julian, sinking to his knees, grabs Leon's waist through the iron bars.

The black man's 200-pound frame sinks through Julian's hands. Julian clings to Leon's knees.

LEON
Save me! I'll do anything!

Julian desperately struggles to pull Leon up. Looking down, he sees the Blond Boy standing twelve floors below watching them. Day is breaking.

Leon sinks lower. Julian clasps him around the calves. Leon's arms wave meaninglessly about.

LEON
Help!

Grimacing, Julian maniacally tries to pull Leon back. Leon is his only proof of innocence.

The huge black man sinks lower. Julian's arms are just above his high-heeled red snakeskin boots.

Leon gives out a strangled yelp as his body pops out of his boots and plunges headlong toward Wilshire Boulevard.

A moment is suspended in time as Leon's yellow form slowly drifts downward. Then -- splat -- it hits the pavement almost anticlimactically.

Julian, pulling himself up, drops one of the red boots. It falls to the pavement, bouncing several feet away from Leon's body.

Julian, holding the second boot, stands against the railing.

He hears the SCREECH OF TIRES and looks down.

The dark brown Porsche wheels around Leon's body and speeds down Wilshire. In a moment it is gone.

95B ANOTHER ANGLE *

Julian walks slowly back into the apartment.

He sits on the large white sofa, cradling Leon's red snakeskin boot between his legs.

95C OUTSIDE *

Cars screech to a halt. Soon there are the SOUNDS of POLICE SIRENS.

96 LATER

FOOTSTEPS are HEARD in the hall. Police enter the room and fan out. One rushes to the railing.

An officer walks over to Julian. He looks up hopelessly:

JULIAN
I want to talk to Detective Sunday, Homicide.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. WEST L.A. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Purdue Street is a mass of chaos. Still photographers fight with radio reporters and TV cameramen for a glimpse of Los Angeles' newest media celebrity:

Julian Kay, American gigolo, servicer of the rich, accused murderer. * *

Julian, dressed in prison clothes, is pushed from a police van. His hands are handcuffed and chained to his waist.

He is pulled by two burly plainclothesmen through the mob of REPORTERS and cameramen. They shout questions at him:

REPORTER #1
Is it true you serviced 400 women?

REPORTER #2
How much did you charge, Julian?

REPORTER #3
How many clients do you have?

REPORTER #4
Are you innocent?

REPORTER #5
Did you work for movie stars?

97 CONTINUED:

REPORTER #1
How many women did you service in a week?

Julian shields his eyes and looks down as if in shame.

The plainclothesmen haul him into the police station.

CUT TO:

98 INT. SUNDAY'S OFFICE *

Julian sits next to his LAWYER in the interrogation room. Sunday and Lt. Curtis sit across the table.

Spread across the table are:

-- the oil-spotted plastic bag of jewels,

-- the gold statuette from Judy Rhyman's bedstand, now registered as the murder weapon. *

-- copies of the Los Angeles Times and the Herald Examiner. One bold headline screams: "Gigolo Charged in Palm Springs Sex Slaying." A follow-up story promises: "Julian Kay's Clients: the Rich and the Powerful." *

SUNDAY
I wish I had arrested you earlier. It would have been easier on you.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
You better help the judge put an end to this pre-trial publicity or we'll never have a fair trial.

CURTIS
We're moving him to Palm Springs today.

SUNDAY
(to Julian)
Do you have anything to say, Julian?

Julian has lost the desire to fight back. He is resigned. He has accepted his fate. He shakes his head:

JULIAN
(half-hearted)
No.

The film begins a SERIES OF FADE OUT/FADE INS

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

99 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM

Michelle and Julian look at each other through the wire mesh. At first there is only silence.

JULIAN
Are you going on your trip?

MICHELLE
No. I decided not to.

Pause.

JULIAN
Does your husband know you're here?

MICHELLE
No.

JULIAN
Why did you come?

MICHELLE
(pause)
I have nowhere else to go. I'm all alone.

There is another pause. Julian looks at her as if she were a foreign land.

MICHELLE
I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

JULIAN
(without emotion)
Don't come back, Michelle.

She fights back tears.

MICHELLE
(pause)
Are you satisfied with your lawyer?

JULIAN
It doesn't matter.

A prison guard walks into the visitors' room and approaches Julian. Michelle starts to rise. Julian's stoic resolve starts to weaken. His eyes reach toward her. He says tenderly, almost desperately:

CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Don't go.

The guard taps Julian on the shoulder and he realizes he must leave. He stands and walks off with the guard.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

100 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Julian's Lawyer and MICHELLE'S LAWYER, an older, well-dressed veteran of many criminal cases, sit outside the wire mesh.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER
Michelle Stratton is paying for my services, Julian. I think you know this is a matter of some secrecy. *

JULIAN
(without emotion)
Tell her not to bother.

JULIAN'S LAWYER
Julian, you'll have to help us more.

JULIAN
Tell Michelle to forget me.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER
Frankly, Julian, I'm more worried about your defense than I am about Mrs. Stratton's private life. We have to go through the details of the night of the murder -- your every movement. *

JULIAN'S LAWYER
If you really want to help Julian, you'll get some of this heat off.

MICHELLE'S LAWYER
What do you mean?

JULIAN'S LAWYER
The newspapers and TV are trying him in the media. If they'll ease off a bit, perhaps we can put some of the pieces together: Leon, Rhyman, the Blond Boy -- he's the key. *

They turn back to Julian: he says nothing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

101 INT. LT. CURTIS' OFFICE - DAY

A Palm Springs policeman leads Michelle into Lieutenant Curtis' office.

MICHELLE
Lieutenant Curtis?

CURTIS
Yes, Mrs. Stratton. This is an honor. I was told you wanted to see me. What can I do for you? *

MICHELLE
I want to talk to you about the Julian Kay/Rhyman murder case. *

CURTIS
Yes?

MICHELLE
I'm paying for Mr. Kay's legal defense. *

CURTIS
(knowingly)
Um-hm.

MICHELLE
I'm paying for Mr. Kay's defense because I know he is not guilty. I do not wish to see an obstruction of justice. *

CURTIS
How do you know he's not guilty?

MICHELLE
Because he was not in Palm Springs the 22nd, the night of the murder.

CURTIS
No?

MICHELLE
No. He was with me.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

102 INT. PRISON VISITORS' ROOM - DAY

Curtis leads Michelle over to Julian.

102 CONTINUED:

He waits behind the wire mesh.

MICHELLE
I told them, Julian.

JULIAN
I heard.
(a beat)
Tu n'vais pas besoin de faire ca, Michelle. Tu peux le dementir. *

MICHELLE
Jamais. Plutot mourir.

Pause.

JULIAN
What will you do now?

MICHELLE
I don't know. I can't go home.
(a beat)
The newsmen are waiting outside for me. There's dozens of them.

Julian's voice cracks:

JULIAN
Why did you do it?

MICHELLE
I had no choice.
(draws close to him)
I love you.

She places her fingers in the wire mesh.

Julian passionately kisses the knuckles on one hand, then the other. He kisses her forehead.

All this time, Julian has prepared himself for the explosion -- but it never came. Instead, far more powerful, comes the implosion.

His hands tremble as they touch hers. His eyes are moist.

JULIAN
(kissing her forehead)
Oh, Michelle, it's taken me so long to come to you.

FADE OUT.

THE END